

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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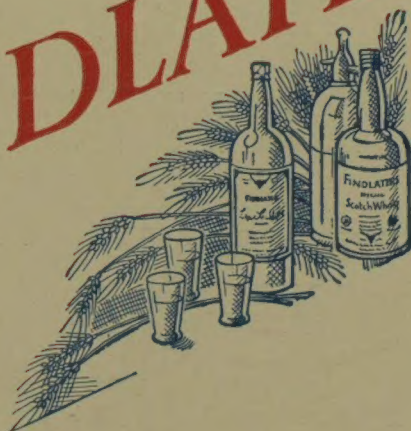
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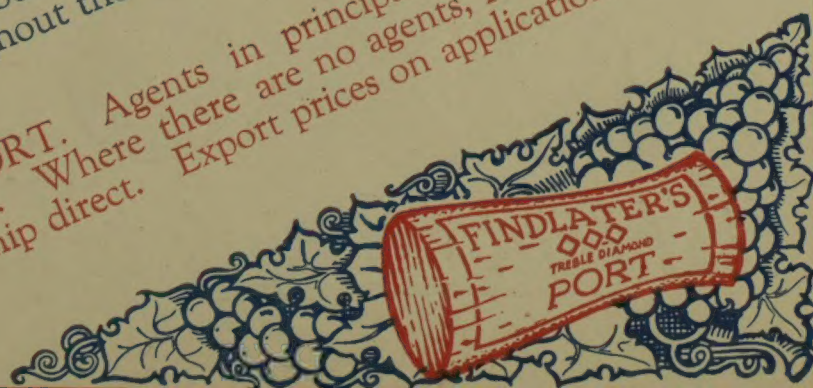
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Influenza is now widespread and Health Authorities are taking elaborate precautions to protect our people. The Health Ministry advises, among other measures of personal protection, the following:—

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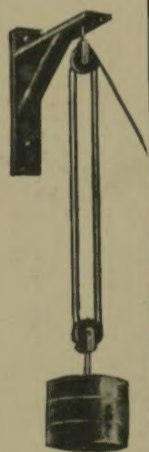
SANITAS FLUID



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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1929.

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ABOUT TO KEEP HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY IN EXILE: THE EX-KAISER FEEDING DUCKS AT DOORN.

The ex-Kaiser was born at Berlin on January 27, 1859. During the week preceding his seventieth birthday representatives of the old Army and Navy and various associations gathered at Doorn to convey their congratulations. The actual birthday is to be observed strictly as a family reunion. Representatives of the House of Hohenzollern announced: "In view of the circumstances in which the Kaiser spends this day in Holland, it is his express wish that there should be no celebrations or demonstrations."

Last month it was reported from Berlin that, in consideration of his financial troubles, he was to be exempted from taxation for several years. His new book, "My Ancestors," was expected within the last few days. He is said to have taken legal steps against the projected publication of a German translation of the letters of his mother, the Empress Frederick, recently published in England by Sir Frederick Ponsonby. Above the door in our photograph may be noted a "lucky" horse-shoe—reversed!



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHAT I venture to criticise in certain men, whom some call scientists and I call materialists, is their perpetual use of Mythology. One half of what they say is so true as to be trite; the other half of what they say is so untrue as to be transparent. But they cover both their platitudes and their pretences by an elaborate parade of legendary and allegorical images. I read this in some remarks on Darwinism by one of the last surviving Darwinians: "Among the individuals of every species there goes on, as Malthus had realised, a competition or struggle for the means of life, and Nature selects the individuals which vary in the most successful direction." Now when men of the old religions said that God chose a people or raised up a prophet, at least they meant something; and they meant what they said. They meant that a being with a mind and a will used them in an act of selection. But who is Nature, and how does she, or he, or it, manage to select anything or anybody? All that the writer actually has to say is that some individuals do emerge when other individuals are extinguished. It hardly needed either Darwin or

The particular case in which this mythological metaphor was used is of course another matter. It is, indeed, a matter which has involved at various times a great deal of this element of materialist mythology. To see what truth was really in it we should have to go back to the old Darwinian debate; which I have not the least intention of doing here. But I may observe, in passing, that this notion of Nature selecting things is specially incompatible with all that can really be said for their own case; and that the very name of natural selection is a most unnatural name for it. For it is their whole case that everything happened, in the ordinary human sense, by accident. We should rather call it coincidence; and some of us call it quite incredible coincidence. But, anyhow, the whole case for it is that one quadruped happened to have a longer neck, and happened to live at a moment when it was necessary to reach a taller tree or shrub. If these happenings happen to happen about a hundred times in succession, in exactly the same way, you can by that process turn some sort of sheep or goat into a giraffe. Whether this is probable or not is another

a ticking clock. This is a very extreme example of the mental breakdown that goes with a relapse into metaphor. For the man is actually understating his own case out of sheer love of metaphor. It may be that you cannot put time back, but you can put the clock back. He would be in a stronger position if he talked about the abstraction called time; but an all-devouring appetite for figurative language forces him to talk about clocks. Of course, the real question raised has nothing to do with either clocks or time. It is the question of whether certain abstract principles, which may or may not have been observed in the past, ought to be observed in the future. But the point is here that even the man who means that we cannot reconstruct the past can hardly ever reconstruct his own sentence in any other form except this figurative form. Without his myth, or his metaphor, he is lost.

Another mass of metaphors is drawn from the phenomena of morning, or the fact that the sun rises; or, rather (I grovel in apology to the man of science), appears to rise. It is a perfectly natural



THE GREAT PARTNERSHIP IN THE SECOND TEST MATCH, PLAYED AT SYDNEY, AND WON BY ENGLAND BY EIGHT WICKETS: HAMMOND AND HENDREN, THE BATSMEN WHO BETWEEN THEM ADDED 325 RUNS TO THE ENGLISH SCORE—HENDREN (AT THE RIGHT-HAND WICKET) BATTING TO RYDER'S BOWLING.

In the second Test Match, Hammond made 251, the second highest English individual score in cricket Test Matches against Australia (the highest being R. E. Foster's 287 on the same ground at Sydney). Hendren made 74. England has this season won the first three Test Matches, thus gaining the "rubber" and retaining the "Ashes." The first (at Brisbane) was won by 675 runs; the second (at Sydney), by 8 wickets; and the third (at Melbourne) by 3 wickets. The fourth is to begin at Adelaide on February 1.

Darwinians to tell us that. But Nature selecting those that vary in the most successful direction means nothing whatever, except that the successful succeed. But this tautological truism is wrapped up in clouds of mythology, by the introduction of a mythical being whom even the writer regards as a myth. The reader is to be impressed and deluded by the vision of a vast stone goddess sitting on a mountain throne, and pointing at a particular frog or rabbit and saying, in tones of thunder, that this alone is to survive. All we know is that it does survive (for the moment), and then we pride ourselves on being able to repeat the mere fact that it does survive in half a hundred variegated and flowery expressions: as that it has survival value; or that it is naturally selected for survival; or that it survives because it is the fittest for survival; or that Nature's great law of the survival of the fittest sternly commands it to survive. The critics of religion used to say that its mysteries were mummeries; but these things are in the special and real sense mummeries. They are things offered to a credulous congregation by priests who know them to be mummeries. It is impossible to prove that the priest knows that there is no god in the shrine, or no truth in the oracle. But we know that the materialist knows that there is no such thing as a large fastidious lady, called Nature, who points a finger at a frog.

question. But the whole Darwinian argument is that it is *not* a case of Nature selecting, any more than of God selecting, or anyone else selecting, but a case of things falling out in that fashion. We are quite ready to discuss trees and giraffes in their place, without perpetual references to God. Could the materialists not so far control their rhetorical and romantic sentimentalism as to do it without perpetual reference to Nature? Shall we make a bargain; that we will for the moment leave out our theology, if they will leave out their mythology?

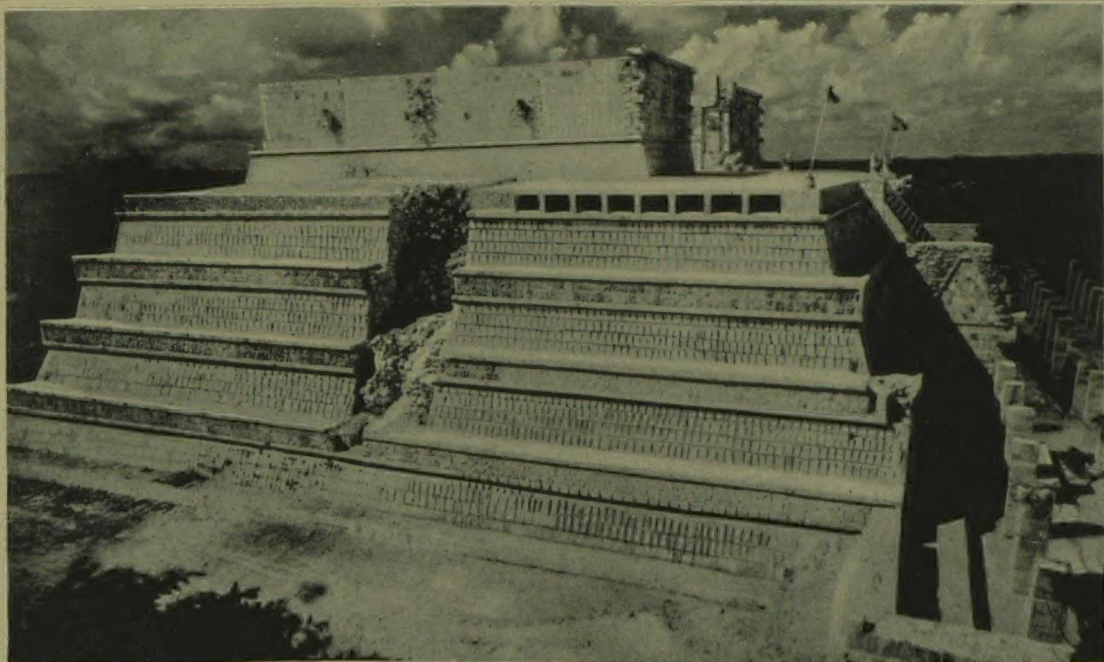
But the mythological habit is not entirely and exclusively confined to men of science, or even to materialists. This sort of mythology is rather generally scattered over the modern world. The popular form of the mythological is the metaphorical. Certain figures of speech are fixed in the modern mind, exactly as the fables of the gods and nymphs were fixed in the mind of pagan antiquity. It is astonishing to note how often, when we address a man with anything resembling an idea, he answers with some recognised metaphor, supposed to be appropriate to the case. If you say to him, "I myself prefer the principle of the Guild to the principle of the Trust," he will not answer you by talking about principles. He can be counted on to say: "You can't put the clock back," with all the regularity of

metaphor for poets; or, indeed, for all men, in that aspect in which all men are mystics. That there is a mystery in these natural things, which the imagination understands more subtly than the reason, is true enough. Nor have I any contempt even for mythology considered as mythology. But when we want to know what somebody wants to do, when we ask a free-thinker what he thinks, and why he thinks it, it is a little tiresome to be told that he is waiting for the Dawn, or engaged at the moment in singing Songs Before Sunrise. One is tempted to retort that Dawn is not always an entirely cheerful thing, even for those who have exercised their free thought upon the conventional traditions of their own society. There is such a thing as being shot at Dawn.

I do not mean for a moment, of course, that we should do without myths and metaphors altogether. I am constantly using them myself, and shall continue to do so. But I think we ought all to be on our guard against depending on them as a substitute for reason. Perhaps it would be well to have a Fast Day, on which we undertook to abstain from everything but abstract terms. Let us all agree that every Friday we will do without metaphors as without meat. I am sure it would be good for the intellectual digestion.

THE FIRST MAYA MOSAIC EVER FOUND: A UNIQUE DISCOVERY.

BY COURTESY OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON.



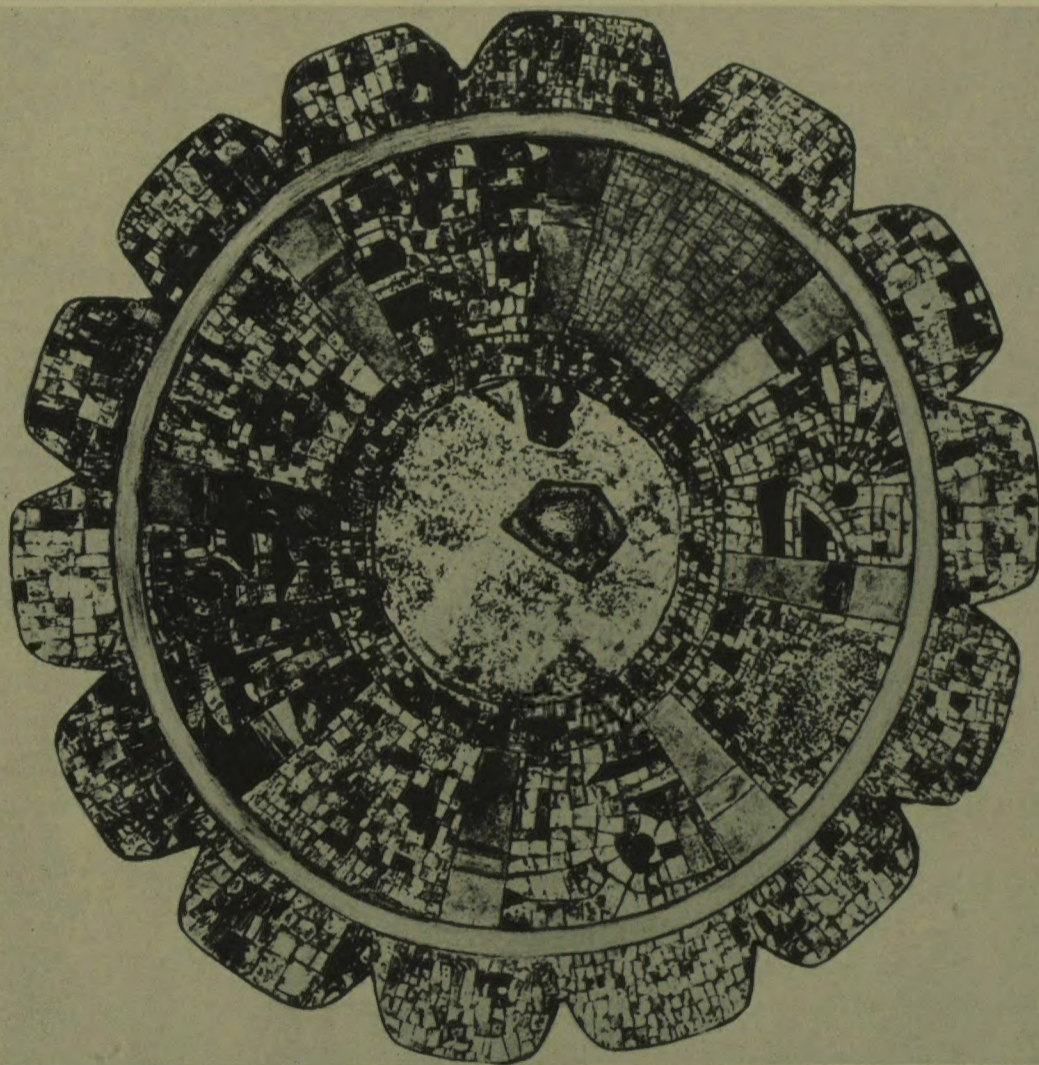
THE FAMOUS MAYA MONUMENT WITHIN WHICH THE NEW DISCOVERY WAS MADE: THE TEMPLE OF WARRIORS AT CHICHEN ITZA, YUCATAN—SHOWING THE CUT MADE IN THE SIDE FOR ACCESS TO THE BURIED TEMPLE INSIDE (TO THE RIGHT) WHERE THE MOSAIC PLAQUE WAS FOUND.



THE JAR CONTAINING THE MOSAIC JUST BEFORE REMOVAL FROM THE TEMPLE FLOOR: CEREMONIAL TREASURES BURIED FOR MANY CENTURIES.

We illustrate here a highly important discovery of Maya art made within the Warriors' Temple at Chichen Itza, Yucatan, which has been excavated and restored by an expedition from the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Mr. Earl Morris, who conducted the work, found that within the temple was an earlier one filled up with rubbish and used as a substructure. After clearing the interior of this earlier temple he dug for buried ceremonial treasures under the floor. The search was richly rewarded. "Presently," we read, "the lid of a limestone jar was exposed. With infinite care, the jar with its precious contents was removed from the place where it had been deposited centuries before, doubtless to the accompaniment of strange and weird ceremonies. . . . And then the impressive revelation of the importance of the discovery was made, for it became clear that it constituted the finest specimen of delicate craftsmanship ever found in the country of the Maya. The jar, which is cylindrical in shape, is approximately 15 inches in diameter and 1 foot high. Face upward within it lay a

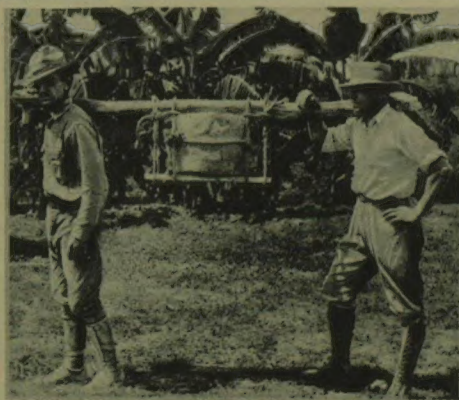
mosaic disc made up of carefully cut pieces of turquoise, most of which are highly polished. Upon the disc rested the bones of a bird, a polished ball of jadeite, and the component parts of a necklace. . . . The turquoise mosaic, the principal item in this offering to the gods, is between 8 and 9 inches in diameter. The body of the plaque, which was of wood, has been reduced to a brown powder, so that the mosaic was held in place only by the paper-thin film of adhesive matter by which the turquoise pieces were encrusted on the wood. Two-thirds of the mosaic was relatively intact. The individual stones of the remainder were sufficiently related to permit of complete reassembly. At the centre there is a disc of pinkish substance, about 2½ inches in diameter, either fine sandstone or a paste containing sand. Encircling the central disc is a narrow unbroken ring of turquoise mosaic. Outside this there



"AMONG THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF ABORIGINAL AMERICAN ART," AND THE FIRST MOSAIC FOUND IN THE MAYA AREA: AN EXQUISITE PLAQUE, WITH ABOUT 2500 PIECES OF TURQUOISE, DISCOVERED UNDER THE FLOOR OF A BURIED TEMPLE WITHIN THE WARRIORS' TEMPLE AT CHICHEN ITZA—THE MOSAIC AS RECONSTRUCTED BY MR. S. ICHIKAWA, OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

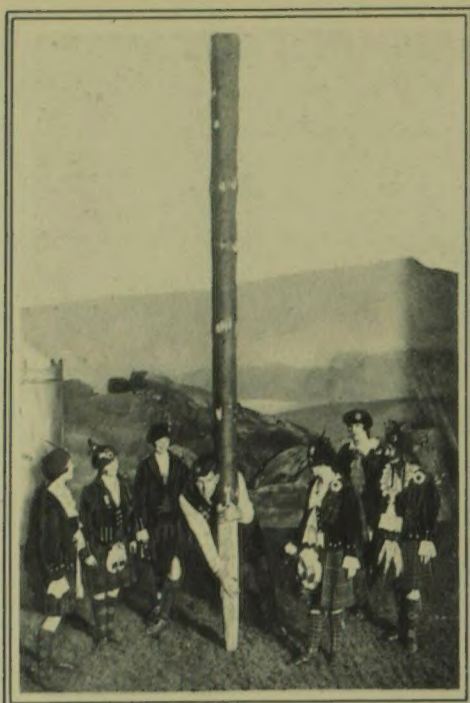
is a concentric band divided by radial strips of vegetable material into 8 panels, each approximately 2 inches wide at the outer edge. Four panels are of plain mosaic, but the alternating set bear decoration, in each case, consisting of the head and claw of a reptilian creature seen in profile. The pattern is produced partly by the shaping of the component stones and partly by the juxtaposition of dark blue plates with rows of material of baser quality. Certain features, such as the mouth cavity, and the lines of demarcation between the claws, are accentuated by a bitumen-like substance. Each eye is a ball of gum applied in relief upon the mosaic. The rim of the plaque consists of a mosaic band made up of petal-shaped divisions, each approximately 1½ inches in length and 1 inch wide. A narrow stripe of brilliant red lacquer outlines the margins of the petals. . . . Approximately 2500 pieces of turquoise were used in making the mosaic. Most of these pieces are so thin that the field equipment of the staff at Chichen Itza contained no instruments

of sufficient delicacy to measure them accurately. In quality the material ranges from a very good grade of blue to a greenish white. . . . This mosaic plaque is unique not only because of its complexity and beauty, but because it is probably, with one exception, the only object made of turquoise obtained from the Maya region. It is also the only plaque of this nature of which the original location is known." Mr. Morris says: "It stands among the finest examples of aboriginal American art. It is the first to be found within the Maya area. It was found in a definitely recognised and datable archaeological horizon. Moreover, . . . the tiny bits of stone composing it probably were mined in Arizona or New Mexico, fashioned into beautiful form in or not far from the Valley of Mexico, then transported through hundreds of miles of jungle, finally to be sealed away as a dedicatory offering beneath a temple floor."



THE DISCOVERER WITH HIS PRIZE: MR. EARL MORRIS (LEFT), AND A COLLEAGUE, REMOVING THE JAR TO EXAMINE ITS CONTENTS.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



TOSSING THE CABER AT THE COLISEUM.

Highland games, as at Braemar, were recently presented at the Coliseum, and included tossing the caber, weight-throwing, jumping, wrestling, and sword-dances by kilted men and girls. Well-known Highland athletes took part, and the stage was arranged as a sports field, with artificial grass. The caber is a 15-ft. fir-tree trunk weighing 2½ cwt.

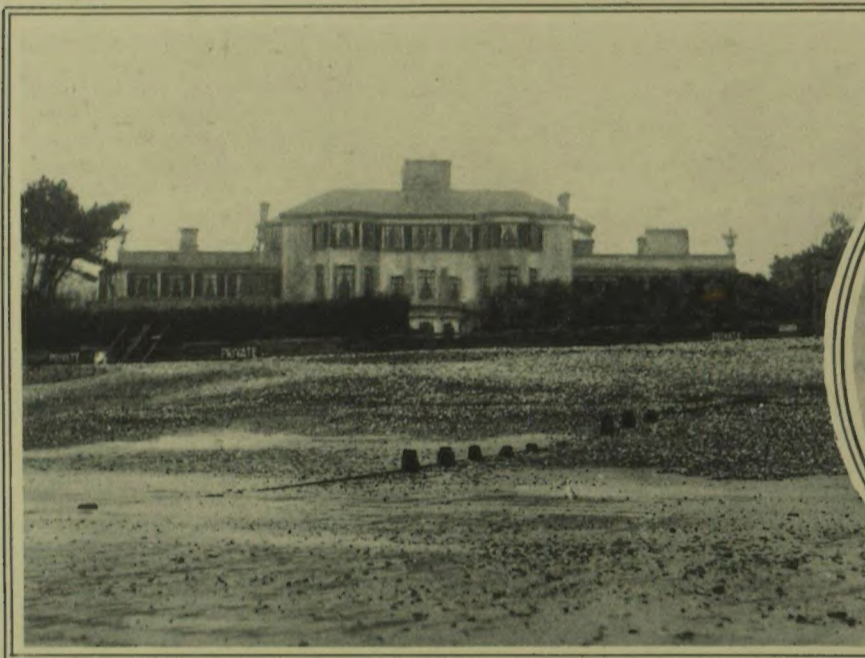
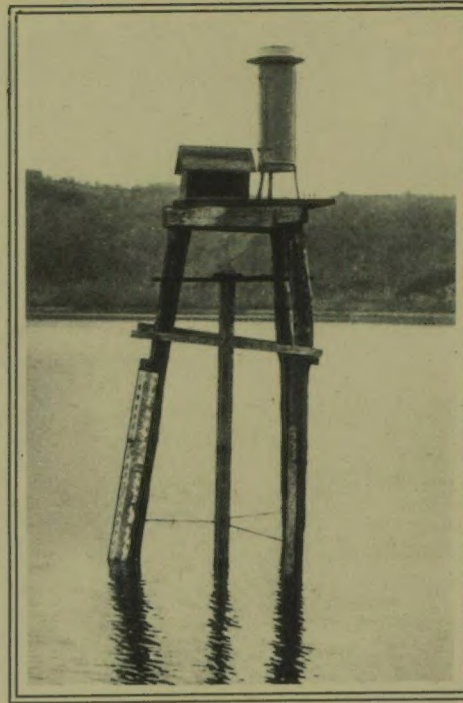


DRAINING LAKE NEMI TO RECOVER CALIGULA'S SUNK PLEASURE-GALLEYS.

Since last October electric pumps have been at work draining water from Lake Nemi, in the Alban hills near Rome, to salvage one or both of the Emperor Caligula's pleasure-galleys sunk there some 1900 years ago. Many attempts made in the past (by grappling-hooks, or divers) to recover their art treasures—as in 1446, 1535, and 1827—damaged one of the ships, but in 1895 some magnificent works of art were brought up and are now in a museum at Rome. The pumping operations were undertaken by private enterprise under the auspices of the Fascist Government. Our left-hand photograph shows four discharge pipes through which water is pumped into an old Roman outlet.

THE HYDROMETER IN LAKE NEMI TO MARK THE LOWERED LEVEL.

The hydrometer in Lake Nemi to mark the lowered level.



WHERE HIS MAJESTY WILL STAY AT BOGNOR: CRAIGWEIL HOUSE, ALDWICK.

A statement issued on January 22 said: "It has been realised by the King's medical advisers that . . . there would arise a time when sea air would be necessary in order to secure the continuation of his Majesty's progress. . . . Careful search was made for a residence . . . possessing the necessary attributes of close proximity to the sea, southern exposure, protection from wind. . . . The residence selected is Craigweil House, Bognor, placed at his Majesty's disposal by Sir Arthur du Cros, Bart."



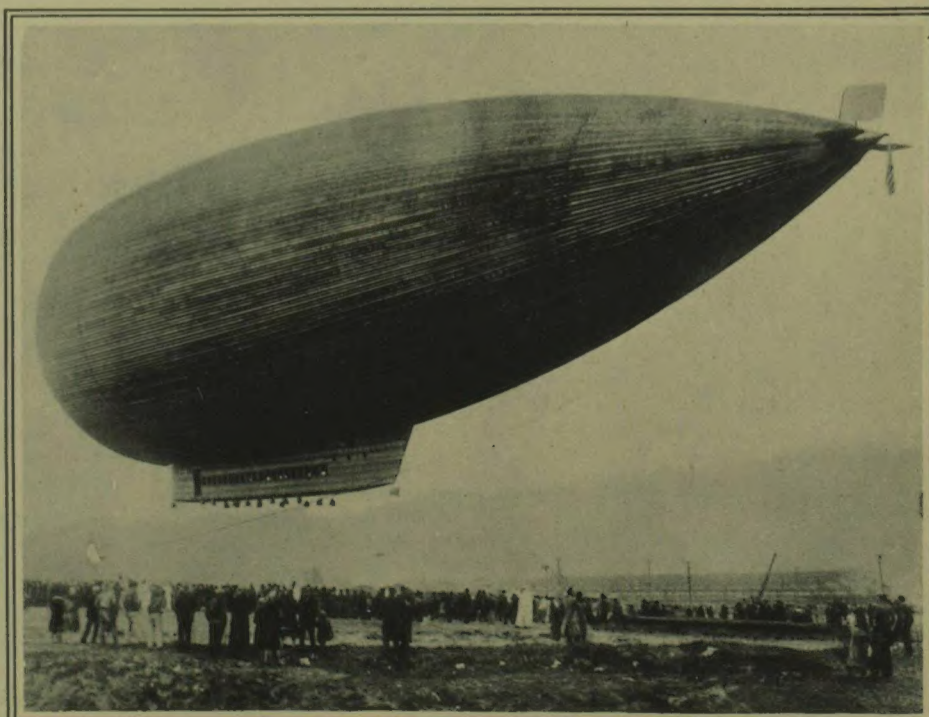
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE SINCE HIS RETURN.

The Prince of Wales made his first public appearance since his return from Africa when, on January 19, he attended the England and Wales "Rugger" match at Twickenham. He received a great ovation, and shook hands with the teams. Our photograph shows him greeting the English team. England won by 8 points to 3, thus beating Wales at Twickenham for the eighth successive time.



THE LOSS OF A DUTCH LIFEBOAT WITH ITS CREW.

The steam life-boat, "Prins der Nederlanden" ("Prince of the Netherlands") capsized on January 16, near the Hook of Holland, and all the crew of eight men were drowned. Our photograph shows it washed ashore upside down. It had gone out to help the Latvian ship "Valka," which had stranded during a heavy snowstorm, and was beached on a sandbank in a dangerous position.



THE FIRST ALL-METAL DIRIGIBLE TAKES THE AIR WITHOUT ENGINES.

This photograph, from Los Angeles, shows Captain Slate's all-metal dirigible "City of Glendale," in the air after emerging from its hangar for the first time since its construction began a year ago. The power plant had not been installed. The airship was filled with hydrogen and natural gas for the purposes of the experiment, and was allowed to rise only to a height of about fifty feet. It is said to be the first all-metal lighter-than-air craft that has ever been completed.

THE MYSTERY OF MAYERLING AS A FILM:

"THE FATE OF THE HABSBURGS."

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE "STAR" FILM.



THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLF OF AUSTRIA (ALPHONS FRYLAND) AND THE BARONESS MARY VETSER (LENI RIEFENSTAHL) AT MAYERLING: HAPPY HOURS AT THE HUNTING LODGE.

The tragic death of the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, son of the Emperor Francis-Joseph, is one of the mysteries of history. There have been many attempts to determine what happened at Mayerling—some of them wildly improbable, to say the least of it; others with a considerable similitude to truth, as far as it is possible to judge. It may be recalled that the Crown Prince, who had married Princess Stephanie, second daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, in 1880, met the Baroness Mary Vetsera, with whom he was to die, in November, 1888. To quote Mr. Eugene Bagger's "Francis-Joseph, Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary": "Their friendship soon grew into an open scandal. Mary was anything but discreet; she was desperately in love with the Crown Prince, and proud of it. At a party at the German Embassy she insulted the Crown Princess in the sight of Vienna Society. . . . On January 30, 1889, the news burst upon Vienna

[Continued below.]



THE TRAGEDY OF THE HUNTING LODGE AT MAYERLING RECONSTRUCTED FOR THE FILM, "THE FATE OF THE HABSBURGS": THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLF AND BARONESS MARY VETSER DIE TOGETHER.



THE CROWN PRINCE'S WIFE ARRIVES UNEXPECTEDLY AT MAYERLING: PRINCESS STEPHANIE ATTACKING RUDOLF AND THE BARONESS MARY VETSER AT A HUNTING PARTY.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE, SON OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS-JOSEPH: THE PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS STEPHANIE OF BELGIUM (MALY DELSCHAFT), AT THEIR WEDDING.



THE MEETING OF THE MOTHERS: THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA (ERNA MORENA) AND THE BARONESS HELEN VETSER (IRENE KRAUS) AT THE GRAVE OF THE DEAD LOVERS.

Continued.]

like thunder that the Crown Prince Rudolf was found dead in his bed in the hunting lodge of Mayerling. With him was found, it soon transpired, the dead body of Mary Vetsera. . . . The first official bulletin stated that the Crown Prince had lost his life through a shooting accident. Nobody in Vienna believed it; public indignation forced the Government to issue, within twenty-four hours, another communiqué to the effect that Rudolf had committed suicide. That was believed even less. . . . So the myths went on flourishing."

"SELF-PORTRAITS" BY NAPOLEON—AND OTHER WORD-PICTURES.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON I."—COMPILED FROM HIS OWN WRITINGS by F. M. KIRCHEISEN.*

(PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINSON AND CO.)

IN the course of his compilation, quoting Napoleon on a spate of letters from Mme. de Stael, the editor of these "Memoirs" prints the sentence: "I read them, as the Abbé de Pradt said, 'with the thumb,' that is to say, cursorily." That is holding out the apple to the reviewer; and I confess to having been tempted to fall. The fact is that Herr Kirchhausen's book invites cursoriness. In the Postscript, after mention of certain of the Emperor's literary activities, is: "Notwithstanding, in the works dictated in St. Helena the history of the most important time of his life is lacking. Even if circumstances had permitted the filling up of the above-mentioned big gap from 1801 to 1814, we should indeed have possessed a series of about twenty volumes, but not a biography in compressed form, such as we should like to have.

"The present publication is intended to fill this gap, as it gives Napoleon's life in his own words. During his eventful life—from Corsica to St. Helena—Napoleon talked with numerous people over all the phases of his activity. In letters, memoirs, ambassadorial reports, descriptions of campaigns by men who took part in them, the works of missionaries in St. Helena, as well as in the writings and dictations of the Emperor himself, immense treasures lie hidden, which, when set out in a skilful manner, give an almost complete picture of Napoleon's life as presented by himself. As the text was mostly written or dictated when the impression of the events was still fresh in Napoleon's mind, the memoirs in this form represent, without doubt, the most authentic, absorbing, and direct work in the Napoleonic literature."

That is sweeping enough; but it must be noted with regret that the compiler fails to give his sources—a matter of little or no moment to the expert, but an embarrassing omission so far as the general reader is concerned; and it must be realised that a German translation from the French translated into English cannot with precision be called Napoleon's "own words." Further, it must be remembered that all Authorities cannot be swallowed holus-bolus—witness, to cite only two of the most obvious, Monthon's "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France sous Napoléon" and Las Cases's "Memorial de Sainte-Hélène": as Dr. Holland Rose put it, "the memoirs (which may be accepted as mainly Napoleon's, though Monthon undoubtedly touched them up) range over most of the events of his life from Toulon to Marengo. . . . On a lower level as regards credibility stands the *Memorial de Sainte-Hélène*, compiled by Las Cases from Napoleon's conversations with the obvious aim of creating a Napoleonic legend."

Thus to the book proper. Messrs. Hutchinson probably issued it in the belief: "When in doubt, play Napoleon." They are likely to be justified of their wisdom. That most obliging and absorbent person, the general reader already mentioned, will find in it much that will interest him and give him pause, and will not be disappointed at discovering that it is "gossipy" in the journalistic sense.

The helpless Napoleon, born "on an old carpet on which were worked large patterns"; the headstrong, scratching, striking child playing with toy soldiers and drawing mathematical figures on the wall; the proud, reserved boy learning French at the Military School of Brienne, where he led attack or defence amongst the fortifications of snow; and the persistent, "cramming" youth at the Military School in Paris—that is the beginning. Then comes the ardent Artillery officer, venerating Rousseau and the Corsican patriot, Paoli, and asking "Why am I really in the world? As I must die some time, it would perhaps be better if I killed myself!" Then the first flirtation, an eating of cherries with Caroline de Colombier; Corsica; an adventure with a woman of the streets of Paris; thoughts on the Three Estates and on Republic versus Monarchy; "the King's incredible weakness" on the 20th of June, 1792; and "that horrible 10th of August" on which the Tuileries was stormed: "I went into the garden of the Tuileries. It seemed to me as if I saw more corpses there than I have seen since on my battle-fields."

That is the second lesser stage. Follows, Toulon—"My official career began at the siege of Toulon. . . . On this occasion I exhibited for the first time those military talents which, since then, have gained such great renown for the French Army." And so to the familiar spectacular phases; from the first even unto "I don't yet understand the loss of the Battle of Waterloo. . . . It is a pity that I did not fall at Waterloo, for that would have been a fine ending. My situation is frightful! I

am like a dead man, yet full of life!"—and to the very last, when the dying exile bequeathed "the shame and atrocity" of his death "to the reigning Royal Family of England," though—it may certainly be presumed!—without cognisance of Wellington's prediction, in December, 1811: "I have long considered it probable that we shall see a general resistance throughout Europe to the horrible and base tyranny of Bonaparte, and that we shall be called upon to play a leading part in the drama, as counsellors as well as actors."

A Gallery of Self-Portraits is, it may be said, the truest description of the "Memoirs"; and it is fair not to forget that, although some of the works shown may not be from the brush of the Master, the majority may claim to be so; that the rest, or almost all of them, are at least by "studio pupils" or the results of collaborations with him; and that there are, in addition, numerous battle-pieces (the

already granted them a capitulation on condition that they were not to fight against us again, and return to their homes. Instead of doing that they had fortified themselves in El-Arish, which they defended against me, and which I took by storm. I could not take them with me as prisoners, as I had no bread. On the other hand, they were such rascals that I could not let them go a second time. And so I had no choice left but to shoot them." Of negotiations with Metternich: "It has been falsely stated that I did not want to sign peace in Dresden. I have always wished for peace after a victory, but never after a defeat." On the return from Elba: "From Cannes to Grenoble I was an adventurer, but from Grenoble onwards I was a Ruler"; and "I did not wish to be a King of a peasant insurrection, but, if possible, to rule by a Constitution. I wanted the lordship of the world, and, in order to make sure of it, an unlimited power was

necessary to me." "If there were a title that I could wish for, it would be that of 'Caesar.' But so many petty princes have dishonoured—if it can be dishonoured—this title in such a way that it has nothing in common with the name of the great Caesar. My title is 'Emperor of the French.' And, as final instance, a St. Helena study: "In whatever way I may be distorted, suppressed, or mutilated, my enemies will find it a difficult matter to make me disappear completely; for actions speak, they shine like the sun."

Those are a few of the many "panels" hung by Herr Kirchhausen. Surrounding them and, as it were, framing them are the others. Those of Josephine: "A very agreeable lady, full of charm, a lady in the true sense of the word"—"It had never come into my mind to think of another woman. . . . Only she alone, as she is, as I can see her, can please me, and occupy my whole heart and soul. She claims all my being."—"Josephine was extremely fond of luxury, disorder, and the spending of money, qualities which are peculiar to the Creoles. It was impossible ever to determine her outlay. She was always making debts. . . . Even to the Island of Elba Josephine's bills were sent me from all over Italy! . . . I am convinced that she loved me most."—"For several years I had lost the hope of having children by my beloved wife, the Empress Josephine. For this reason I resolved to sacrifice the tenderest emotions of my heart, and to regard only the well-being of the State, and so I determined on the dissolution of our marriage."

Maria Louisa: "Maria Louisa was innocent itself. She was just the opposite to Josephine and never lied. She loved me and wanted to be always with me."—"May princesses fall in love? Why, they are nothing but political merchandise!"

"Alexander of Russia is a true Greek of the time of the fall of the Eastern Roman Empire. He was not to be trusted."—"Barras . . . only uttered a few sentences, but these worked like claps of thunder. He had all the habits of a fencing-master, was a braggart and a swaggerer; yet he was useful in an insurrection."—"Blücher is a very brave soldier and a good broad-swordsman. He is like a bull that looks all round him with rolling eyes, and when he sees danger charges. . . . He has no talent as a General."—"Intrigue was as necessary to Fouché as his daily bread. He intrigued at every time, in all places, in every way, and with everybody." Good "likenesses," evidently. And, with them, the King of Prussia, whose military knowledge was "no greater than that of a corporal"; Massena, a distinguished man who "grew with danger"; Mme. de Stael, "fiery in her passions, furious and raging in her expressions. . . . Corinna herself"; Talleyrand, "the meanest of usurers"; and dozens more.

The remainder—the inspiring, descriptive subject-pictures, the arresting pictures that are imaginative, the rarer still-lives, must be seen with the eyes of Mr. Collins through the spectacles of Herr Kirchhausen. They will attract much attention and repay close examination; notably those that concern themselves with the Italian Campaign; Egypt; the proposed invasion of England; "the unfortunate war in Spain"; and the Russian Campaign, with the Battle of the Moskwa and the retreat from Moscow: "I have destroyed armies; but flames, ice, numbness, death—these I could not conquer. Fate was stronger than I! And yet what a misfortune for France, and for Europe! The peace to be concluded at Moscow would have ended my war undertakings."

Looking upon them, echo their creator's aphorism: "Often the whole difference between the wealth of two men consists in the one being able to eat green peas a fortnight earlier than the other!"

Yes; the general reader will be appreciative.—E. H. G.



THE DICTATORSHIP IN YUGO-SLAVIA: GENERAL PERA KHVIVKOVITCH, THE PRIME MINISTER, WHO ASSUMED OFFICE WHEN KING ALEXANDER PROCLAIMED AN ABSOLUTE MONARCHY.

General Pera Khivkovitch, who became Prime Minister when King Alexander proclaimed an Absolute Monarchy in Yugo-Slavia on January 6, is by no means new to the strenuous side of politics. As a young man, he was associated with that military secret society some of whose members assassinated King Alexander Obrenovitch and Queen Draga of Serbia in Belgrade on the night of June 10-11, 1903. He was removed from the army, with others, but was reinstated later, and was an opponent of the "Black Hand." He has a fine fighting record; and is the Commander of the Guard Division stationed in the capital. It is said that he has a strong pro-British bias.

least satisfactory, these, for they are mere sketches); a series of studies of contemporaries; scores of descriptive subject-pictures; tens of pictures that are imaginative; and a few still-lives.

Let us consider the *œuvre*, as Mr. Wilenski would say! Self-portraits: Of the Brienne period: "I became an object of wonder and envy: I had confidence in my power, and enjoyed my superiority." At a penniless period in 1795: "I had gone out and felt myself suddenly carried away by a kind of animal-like instinct to destroy myself. I slouched along the Embankment. It is true I felt my weakness, but could not conquer it. A few moments later I would perhaps have thrown myself into the water. . . ." Of Jaffa, in 1799: "Viscount Ebrington asked me on the Island of Elba whether I had ordered the Turks taken prisoner at Jaffa to be butchered. To this I answered: 'Certainly, I had a few thousand shot down. You will call that rather strong measures, but I had

* "Memoirs of Napoleon I."—Compiled from his Own Writings by F. M. Kirchhausen. Translated from the German by Frederick Collins, B.A. With Fifteen Plates. (Hutchinson and Co.; 21s. net.)

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



MAJOR F. W. WARRE.
Succeeds Sir Montague Barlow as Chairman of the Board of Messrs. Sotheby's. Son of the famous headmaster. Sotheby's was founded by Samuel Baker in 1744.



MR. AUSTIN SMALL
("SEAMARK").
Found dead in his London home on January 15. Was thirty-four. Had a wandering, adventurous career; was in the Navy during the war, and then took to writing serials, plays, etc.



SIR CHARLES CLEVELAND, K.C.I.E.
Distinguished Indian civil servant. During the war was head of the Indian Criminal Investigation Department, and countered the German spy system. Died, Jan. 18; aged 62.



SIR JOHN BRUNNER, B.T.
Formerly a Director of Brunner, Mond and Co. and, later, of Imperial Chemical Industries. A former M.P. Interested in collieries. Died on Jan. 16; aged sixty-three.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER WILLIAM HAINES.
Of the Salvation Army. Died suddenly while the S.A. High Council was in session on January 18. Was about fifty-two, and was acting as the Vice-President. A C.B.E.



CAPT. D. EUAN WALLACE.
The new Junior Whip—a Junior Lord of the Treasury (unpaid). M.P. for Hornsey since 1924. An Assistant Government Whip since 1928. Born, 1892.



THE WOMEN'S AMATEUR LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION ENGAGED: MISS HELEN WILLS AND HER FIANCEE, MR. F. S. MOODY, JUNR.

The engagement of Miss Helen Wills and Mr. Frederick Shander Moody, junr., a San Francisco stockbroker, was announced the other day. It is understood that the wedding will not prevent the champion defending her title at Wimbledon—indeed, it may not take place for a year.



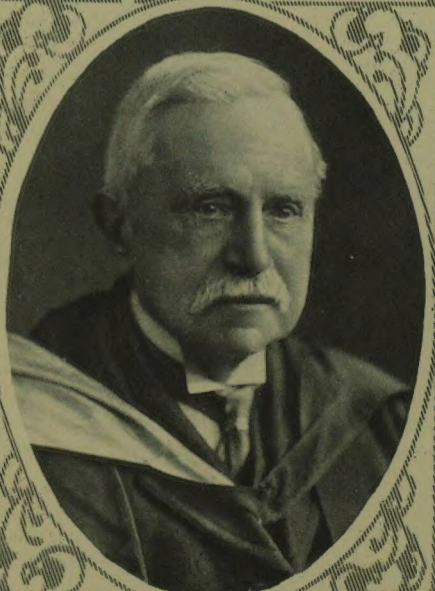
RESCUED FROM KABUL BY THE R.A.F. AND NOW IN ENGLAND: LADY HUMPHRYS ON HER ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

Lady Humphrys (as we noted last week when giving pictures of the disembarkation at Peshawar) was amongst the first party of women and children rescued from the British Legation at Kabul. She is the wife of our Minister to Afghanistan. Before her marriage, which took place in 1907, she was Miss Gertrude Mary Deane, daughter of Col. Sir Harold Deane.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S SON, JOHN: MR. COOLIDGE AND HIS FIANCEE, MISS FLORENCE TRUMBULL.

The engagement of Mr. John Coolidge, son of the President of the United States, and Miss Florence Trumbull, daughter of the Governor of Connecticut, was announced in December. Mr. Coolidge is here seen in his uniform as a Major of the Connecticut National Guard.



SIR WILLIAM BOYD DAWKINS, F.R.S.
The famous geologist and authority on primitive man. Died on January 16, in his ninety-second year. Author of "Cave Hunting," "Early Man in Britain," "British Pleistocene Mammalia," etc. An F.R.S. since 1867.



A RECORD-MAKER ON HER ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND: LADY (ABE) BAILEY WITH HER CHILDREN, ON HER LANDING AT CROYDON.

It will be recalled that Lady Bailey recently concluded a very remarkable flight in a light aeroplane to and from across Africa, acting as her own pilot for ten months and travelling not less than 18,000 miles through the air. A luncheon was given to her on January 17 by the Royal Aeronautical Society, the Royal Aero Club, the Air League of the British Empire, and the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. The last stage of her journey was from Cape Town to England.



DAME SOPHIE WINTZ, D.B.E.
With the late Dame Agnes Weston founded the Royal Sailors' Rests at Devonport and Portsmouth. Died at Devonport on Jan. 16. She would have been eighty-two next month. Was created a Dame of the Order of the British Empire in 1920.

THE AFGHAN "KALEIDOSCOPE": KABUL AND KANDAHAR PHOTOGRAPHS.



PROTECTING AN AMERICAN HONEYMOON COUPLE IN KABUL AT A CRITICAL TIME OF THE REVOLT: AFGHAN SOLDIERS ESCORTING THE CAR CONTAINING MR. AND MRS. ISAACSON—THE LATTER SLIGHTLY WOUNDED.



JUST BEFORE LEAVING KABUL IN A BRITISH AEROPLANE: MRS. ISAACSON—ONE OF THE FIRST BATCH OF REFUGEES—BESIDE THE MACHINE WITH AFGHAN SOLDIERS ON GUARD.



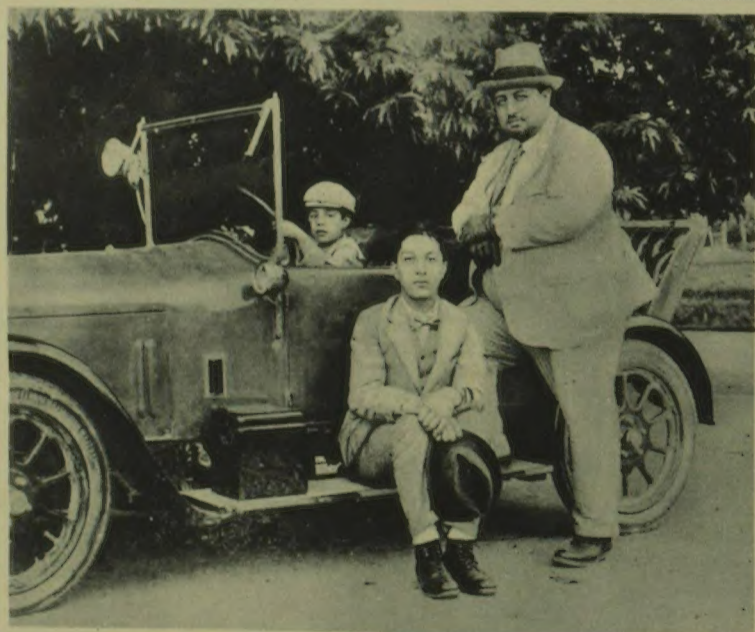
BROUGHT BY AIR TO PESHAWAR WITH THEIR BAGGAGE: THREE OF THE WOMEN RESCUED FROM KABUL BY THE R.A.F.



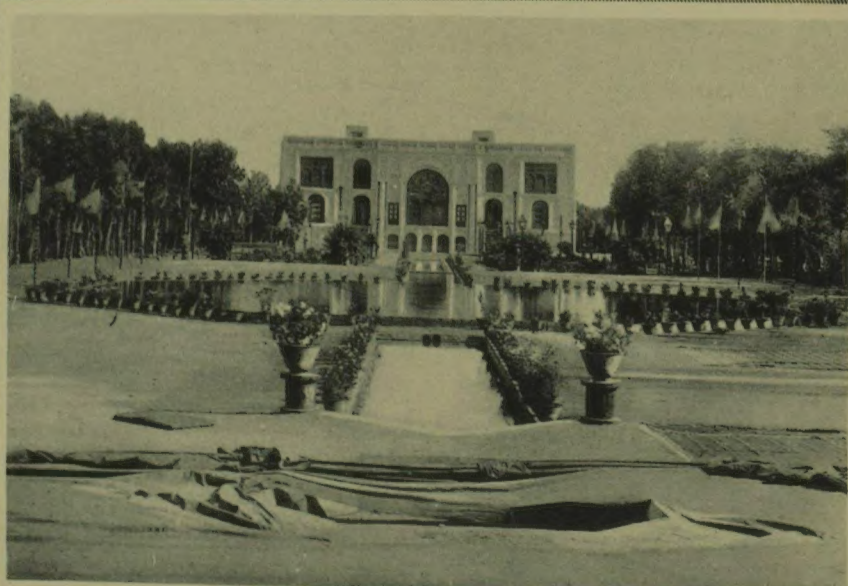
KING AMANULLAH'S TWO YOUNGEST SONS, WITH THEIR GERMAN NURSE, ESCORTED BY AFGHAN SOLDIERS PUSHING THEIR "PRAMS."



A SUSPECT UNDER ARREST IN KABUL, BETWEEN TWO AFGHAN SOLDIERS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MRS. ISAACSON.



TAKEN TO PESHAWAR IN A BRITISH AEROPLANE ON HIS ABDICATION THREE DAYS AFTER HIS ACCESSION: EX-KING INAYATULLAH, WITH HIS TWO SONS.



WHERE KING AMANULLAH WAS SAID TO HAVE RESUMED HIS SOVEREIGNTY AND HOISTED THE ROYAL STANDARD AFTER HIS BROTHER, INAYATULLAH, HAD ABDICATED: KANDAHAR—AN OFFICIAL BUILDING.

Events in Afghanistan have moved of late with kaleidoscopic rapidity. On January 14 it was announced that King Amanullah had that day abdicated in favour of his elder brother Inayatullah, who was at once crowned, while Amanullah left for Kandahar. On the 17th came the news that Inayatullah had in turn abdicated, and that the rebel leader, Bacha-i-Saqao, had occupied Kabul and proclaimed himself Amir as Habibullah Ghazi. On the 18th Inayatullah, with the new Amir's consent, was conveyed to Peshawar in a British aeroplane, and on the 20th the R.A.F. also brought away his son, Prince Khalilullah, with other Afghan royalties. Meanwhile, at Kandahar, whither Inayatullah also went, King Amanullah (according to reports on the 27th) rescinded his own abdication, as his brother had been driven out, and, resuming his sovereignty, began to raise forces against the usurper. Afghanistan, it was said, had become two rival

states, under the King of Kandahar and the Amir of Kabul. Some of our photographs were taken at Kabul during the critical days just before Christmas, when there was street fighting, and anxiety for the safety of European women and children was only allayed by the gallant rescue work of the R.A.F. On the 22nd they were said to be still taking Afghan notables to Peshawar. On December 30 a "Times" correspondent said: "Mrs. Isaacson, an American spending her honeymoon on a motoring tour of the world, arrived with the first batch of refugees from Kabul, where she received a slight wound. She left her husband there."

HOW INAYATULLAH LEFT KABUL: STEEDS OF THE "KNIGHTS VOLANT."



THE VICKERS "VICTORIA" TROOP-CARRIER THAT BROUGHT THE BRITISH LEGATION PARTY FROM KABUL TO PESHAWAR: A SCENE ON THE OCCASION OF THE FIRST OF THE SERIES OF REMARKABLE RESCUE FLIGHTS BY R.A.F. MACHINES, WHICH HAVE SINCE CONVEYED TO SAFETY, THE EX-KING INAYATULLAH, WITH THE WOMEN OF HIS HOUSEHOLD AND AFGHAN EX-MINISTERS.



THREE ESCORTING AEROPLANES (IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND) WHICH FLEW TO KABUL IN ADVANCE OF THE VICKERS "VICTORIA" TROOP-CARRIER (IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND): THE MACHINES USED FOR THE RESCUE OF THE BRITISH REFUGEES—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE AERODROME AT PESHAWAR.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE VICKERS "VICTORIA" TROOP-CARRIER USED TO CONVEY BRITISH WOMEN (AND AFTERWARDS THOSE OF OTHER NATIONALITIES) FROM KABUL TO PESHAWAR—A FLIGHT OF FOUR HOURS THERE AND BACK: THE SCENE AT PESHAWAR AERODROME ON DECEMBER 23.

Fresh interest was lent to the remarkable series of air rescues from Kabul effected by R.A.F. machines at Peshawar, with the news that, on January 18, they had safely brought away Inayatullah Khan, who, shortly after having succeeded his brother Amanullah, himself abdicated in favour of the rebel leader, Bacha-i-Saqao. The latter, who proclaimed himself as Amir Ghazi Habibullah, gave Inayatullah a safe conduct. It was reported that Sir Francis Humphrys, the British Minister in Kabul, was asked to arrange for the conveyance of ex-King Inayatullah to safety, following an agreement between the rival parties for the prevention of further disturbances. Along with Inayatullah, it was stated, the British aeroplane also took to Peshawar seven women of his household and two ex-Ministers, brothers of ex-Queen Surayya. It was at first proposed that they should be conveyed

to Kandahar, to join her and ex-King Amanullah, but owing to the long distance (313 miles) and doubtful air conditions, it was agreed that they should go to Peshawar. The above photographs, of course, show earlier events, and, although we have already illustrated in previous issues the arrival of the British Legation party from Kabul at Peshawar, the more extensive views here given justify a return to the subject. The two lower photographs are described as showing the aeroplanes which brought the British refugees, including Lady Humphrys, at Peshawar Aerodrome on December 23. In the middle photograph the Vickers "Victoria" troop-carrier is on the right, and the three aeroplanes in the left foreground are the advance machines which preceded it and formed an escort. Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for Air, recently referred to the rescue pilots as "Knights Volant."

SUMERIAN ART AND HUMAN SACRIFICE.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL RICHES OF THE UR "DEATH-PIT" CONTAINING 74 SKELETONS, MOSTLY OF WOMEN.

By C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, Director of the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania Museum to Mesopotamia.

THE new discoveries at Ur, while they are of the same general nature as those of last winter, do not lack the element of novelty. The outstanding feature of last season was the unearthing of the royal graves, with their stone-built chambers and their outer courts crowded with the bodies of human victims. At the present stage of this year's work we have not laid bare any one royal grave in its entirety, but we have found the domed chamber of one with its roof and door intact, and of another we have just finished clearing the outer pit, with really astonishing results.

The pit, about twenty-five feet square, contained the remains of no fewer than seventy-four persons, chiefly women, victims in the wholesale sacrifice which celebrated the funeral of the King. The clearing of the last foot of soil which hid the bodies had to be done piecemeal, and we could never obtain that comprehensive view of the pit's contents which is given by the plan (reproduced on this page); but even when as many as ten or twelve skeletons were exposed at a time, one could get some idea of the extraordinary richness of the offering.

There were very few of the victims who were not wearing gold ornaments, while many of them were most elaborately adorned, and the ground was thickly covered with gold ribbons, gold leaves from the wreaths, beads of gold and lapis lazuli and carnelian, and the inlaid flowers of the tall hair-combs. What the sight must have been when these glittering things lay, not on the brown soil amongst crumbling bones, but on a carpet of white and coloured draperies (we could distinguish white stuffs and coats dyed scarlet), it is difficult to imagine.

Moreover, besides these personal ornaments, and the little cups of limestone and copper which in most cases lay close to the hands of the dead, there were other objects. In one place four harps were piled together. One of these was a brilliant thing, its sounding-box decorated with inlay, its uprights covered with

mosaic and gold, its top beam of silver, while from the front of it projected the magnificent gold head of a bearded bull, shown on page 135. Below this head were shell plaques engraved with mythological scenes, the engraved lines picked out in red and black.

Two other harps were entirely of silver: one is decorated with a silver cow's head, and it is curious to observe how the shape of the sounding-box recalls in a highly stylised form the body of the animal; the second has a silver statue of a stag standing on a sort of boat. The last harp, which seems to have been of wood, had perished, and there remained only the copper statue of a stag which had adorned it — the metal so rotten and broken that it could only with difficulty be lifted from the soil. The harps are not only splendid examples of Sumerian art; they are of exceptional interest as illustrating the musical instruments of the fourth millennium before Christ, and by their very diversity they may well enable us to learn something of the nature of the music itself.

In another corner of the pit lay two statues of rams, perhaps the most remarkable things that our work at Ur has yet produced. They are of gold, lapis lazuli, and white shell over a wooden core. The core has decayed, and the weight of the soil has crushed the bodies, so that only after they have been treated in the museum laboratories will they be seen as they originally were; but, despite all this distortion, the sight of them as they emerged from the earth was one to reward us for any amount of work.

In each case the ram is shown standing up on its hind-legs, its fore-legs caught in a thicket whose golden stems and flowers rise on each side of the beast's head. The eyes, horns, and shoulder-locks of the ram are of blue lapis, the head and legs of gold, the fleece of shell, each lock carved separately and inlaid, and the belly of silver. No such monument of Sumerian craftsmanship had ever before come into our hands.



AN APPALLING RECORD OF HUMAN SACRIFICE IN THE MASS: A GROUND PLAN OF THE "DEATH-PIT" AT UR, SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF THE SKELETONS, HARPS (1), AND RAM STATUETTES (2 AND 3).

The pit contained the remains of seventy-four persons, chiefly women, sacrificed at a Sumerian King's funeral some 5000 years ago. The harps (seen above near the left foreground) are illustrated on page 136, and the ram statuettes (top right corner above) on page 135.



WHERE REMAINS OF SEVENTY-FOUR VICTIMS OF HUMAN SACRIFICE WERE FOUND: THE "DEATH-PIT" (SHOWN IN THE FOREGROUND) AT UR.

In the Death-Pit a few people are seen engaged in removing gold objects from the soil. Most of the excavators are seen digging down on a fresh patch of ground beyond.

SUMERIAN ART "FINDS" AT UR: RAM STATUES, AND OTHER RELICS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY MUSEUM EXPEDITION TO MESOPOTAMIA.
BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 134.)



A RAM STATUE (20 IN. HIGH, REPRESENTED STANDING ON ITS HIND-LEGS) AS IT WAS LYING IN THE EARTH: ONE OF "THE MOST REMARKABLE THINGS" FOUND IN THE UR "DEATH-PIT" (SEE PLAN ON PAGE 134).

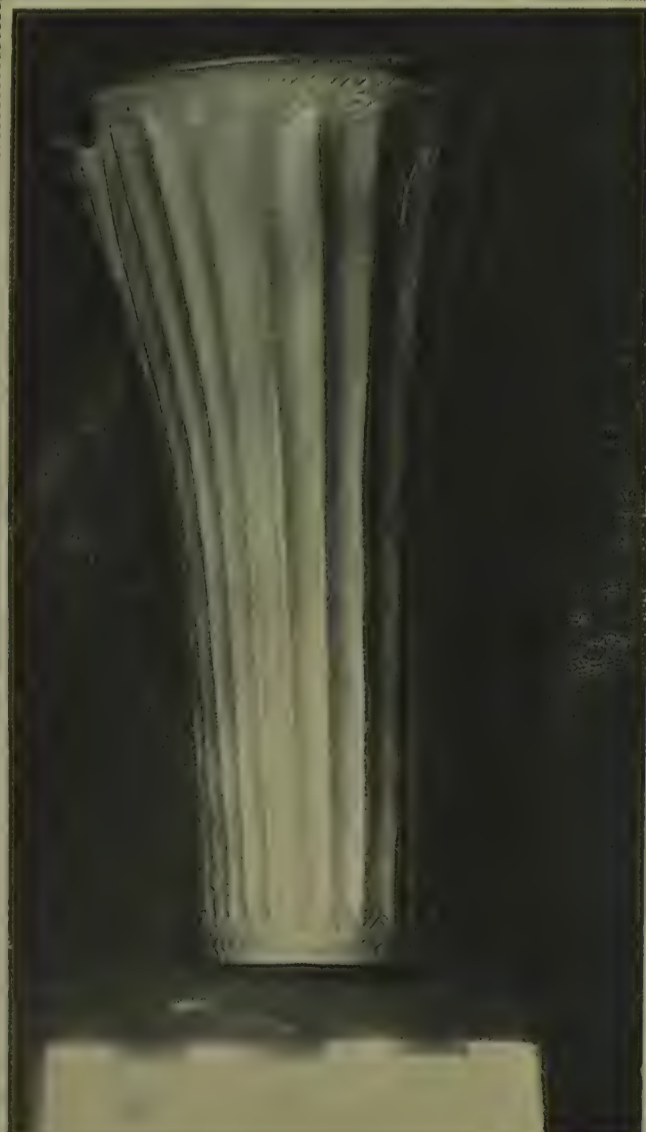


"ITS FORELEGS CAUGHT IN A THICKET WHOSE GOLDEN STEMS AND FLOWERS RISE ON EACH SIDE OF THE HEAD": A STATUE OF A RAM SEEN AS THE SOIL WAS BEING CLEARED AWAY—AN UNPARALLELED GEM OF SUMERIAN ART.



"A MAGNIFICENT GOLD HEAD OF A BEARDED BULL": A MASTERPIECE OF DECORATIVE METAL-WORK ON THE FINEST OF THE HARPS FOUND IN THE "DEATH-PIT" AT UR.

In a note supplementary to his article on page 134, describing the Ur discoveries, Mr. Leonard Woolley says: "There were two statues, a pair, each representing a ram caught in a thicket. The heads and legs are of gold, the fleece of white shell, and the hair on the shoulders of lapis lazuli, while the plants amidst which they stand are of gold. The rams are shown rearing up on their hind-legs, their fore-legs shackled to the plants by bands of silver. . . . From scattered fragments of inlay one had guessed that such works of art were made by the early Sumerians, but here for the first time we have actual and complete examples of sculpture in precious metal and inlay, and there is no doubt that they are two of the most remarkable objects of antiquity that this country (*i.e.*, Mesopotamia) has produced." The plan of the "Death-Pit" (on page 134) shows where the ram statues were found.



A TUMBLER OF FLUTED GOLD: A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF SUMERIAN CRAFTSMANSHIP FOUND AT UR, IN A SUBTERRANEAN STONE-DOMED CHAMBER.

ART TREASURES OF THE "DEATH-PIT" AT UR:
SACRIFICED WOMEN'S ADORNMENTS; HARPS; AND DAGGERS.



A HORNE GOD.
Among many other examples of Sumerian art found recently during the excavations at Ur was this remarkable head, in copper, of a god with a human face and the horns and ears of a bull. The eyes and eyebrows were inlaid with lapis lazuli.



ONE OF THE GOLD HEAD-DRESSES FOUND WITH SKELETONS OF MANY WOMEN SACRIFICED AT A KING'S FUNERAL: GOLD BANDS AND WREATHS EMERGING FROM THE SOIL OF THE "DEATH-PIT" AT UR. (SEE PLAN ON PAGE 134.)

RICH "FINDS" IN A PLACE
OF HORROR.

During the recent discoveries at Ur (the results of which are more fully described in his article on page 134), Mr. Leonard Woolley wrote: "We are now engaged in clearing what seems to be the antechamber of a great royal tomb; the tomb itself has not yet been found, but we have come upon a square pit measuring more than 25 ft. across, whose floor is crowded with the bodies of human victims, most, if not all, of them women. (In the above-mentioned article he gives the total number of skeletons as seventy-four.) Nearly all these bodies are adorned with head-dresses of gold, silver,

[Continued below.]



HARPS OF THE
FOURTH MILLENNIUM B.C.

This photograph shows the wonderful gold harp and one of the two silver harps, as they were found lying in the soil of the "Death-Pit" at Ur. Their position among the skeletons is shown on the ground plan on page 134.

A KING'S GOLD
DAGGERS.

Among his "finds" Mr. Woolley mentions "a wooden box in which were two daggers, with gold blades and gold-studded handles, and a cylinder-seal inscribed Mes-kalam-dug the King, a relative, one must suppose, of that prince Mes-kalam-dug whose gold helmet was the glory of our last season."



TWO SKULLS, CLOSE TOGETHER, EACH COVERED WITH GOLD RIBBONS, WREATHS, BEADS, AND EAR-RINGS: PATHETIC TREASURES OF SACRIFICED WOMEN FOUND IN THE "DEATH-PIT" (BEYOND THE HARPS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE).



[Continued.] lapis lazuli, and carnelian, far richer than those of the nine Court ladies found in the King's' tomb last year. For eight days we have been busy removing these elaborate decorations, and the work is not over yet. But the most surprising contents of the pit are of a different nature. In one place there were lying, one on the top of another, three harps and what may be the ornament of

a fourth. The finest harp has a wooden sounding-box decorated with mosaic, the front bearing engraved shell plaques, above which projects a magnificent bull's head in gold (see page 135), while the uprights are covered with bands of gold alternating with encrustation in shell, lapis lazuli, and red stone, and the cross-beam is plated with silver. The second harp is of silver throughout, and attached to the sounding-box is a cow's head in that metal; the third is also silver, but a different shape, and supporting the upright is a silver statue of a stag; a similar copper statue of a stag may have belonged to a wooden harp."

BERLIN'S GAVRONEN IN A STREET FIGHT: A GERMAN ARTIST'S DRAWING.

FROM THE DRAWING BY THOMAS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



STREET FIGHTING IN BERLIN THAT WAS FOLLOWED BY A POLICE RAID FIASCO: IMMERTREU VERSUS ZIMMERLEUTE.

It was reported from Berlin the other day that, on the night of January 15, an army of several thousand policemen and detectives raided the Silesian Station quarter of the city in order to round-up a gang of *gavronen* (criminals of the *apache* type) belonging to an association known as the "Ever True." The whole district, with its 100,000 inhabitants, was surrounded by cordons, while the police made a house-to-house search and arrested everyone who could not produce identity papers. Even waiting-rooms and restaurants at the station (one of the most important in Berlin) were "combed out." No other capital in Europe, it has been suggested, would tolerate such treatment. After all, the raid failed, as

the criminals had got wind of it, and, before decamping, they telephoned to newspaper offices to send reporters "to see the fun." Our drawing (reproduced from a Berlin paper) illustrates an incident that apparently preceded the raid. The description may be translated as follows: "Mass fighting in the Berlin underworld. In the east of Berlin near the Silesian railway station, a fight took place between Hamburg *Zimmerleute* and the *Immertreu* ('Ever True') Society. Members of the *Immertreu*, who are mostly burglars, fought in dinner jackets and top hats; the *Zimmerleute* in their traditional dress. The fight lasted nearly three hours. One man was killed and many severely injured."

THE WATCH ON THE BURGLAR IN BERLIN: A COMPANY



BERLIN'S COMPANY OF NIGHT WATCHMEN, ARMED WITH REVOLVERS AND INDIA-RUBBER CLUBS, BUT WITHOUT SWORDS (TO DISTINGUISH THEM FROM THE POLICE)—THE ROLL-CALL BEFORE GOING ON DUTY, SHOWING AN ALSATIAN AND ANOTHER DOG.



MAKING SURE THERE ARE NO BURGLARS CONCEALED AMONG THE DRESS MODELS: A NIGHT WATCHMAN ON HIS ROUNDS, WITH A DOG, IN THE PREMISES OF A BERLIN COSTUMER.



ACCOMPANIED BY A HIGHLY EFFICIENT-LOOKING CANINE COLLEAGUE, VERY MUCH ON THE ALERT: BERLIN NIGHT WATCHMEN MAKING THE ROUND OF CELLARS IN A BUILDING UNDER THEIR PROTECTION.

That the burglar is likely to be as enterprising in Berlin as elsewhere, if not more so, may be gathered from a German drawing (reproduced on another page in this number) of a gang of criminals engaged in a recent street fight in a quarter of the city subsequently raided by the police. The incident lends interest to the above photographs, showing how Berlin is guarded against the nocturnal thief. In a concomitant article by a German writer, we read: "The organisation of night watchmen in Germany dates only from thirty-five years ago. Formerly towns provided their own watch, and from that period derives the idea that the night watchman spends most of his time when on duty fast asleep, and his modern successors have much to suffer in consequence, though now things have changed entirely. To-day the watch is organised on up-to-date lines, and is always alert and ready to protect life and property. Up to 1894 the city of Berlin supplied its own watchmen, but in that year a company of Berlin proprietors took the work over, and organised a watch of 257 men, who

OF ARMED MEN ASSISTED BY TRAINED DOGS.



A SITUATION IN WHICH THE SUPPORT OF A POWERFUL DOG IS DISTINCTLY REASSURING: A MEMBER OF THE BERLIN COMPANY OF NIGHT WATCHMEN MAKING A NOCTURNAL TOUR OF INSPECTION THROUGH THE DESERTED HALLS OF A LARGE STORE—WORK THAT IS CARRIED OUT IN THAT CITY ON ORGANISED LINES, AND NOT BY INDIVIDUAL FIRMS ON THEIR OWN ACCOUNT, AS IN LONDON.

had to guard over 12,250 sites. This modern organisation, which has inspectors who control the men under them, and visit various parts of the town in cars, not only looks after property but fights crime as well. The watchmen are properly trained and well armed. They carry revolvers and India-rubber clubs, but they are forbidden to carry swords in order to preserve some distinction between them and the police. When one reads the yearly reports of the Watchmen's Organisation, one realises that here is a powerful force which is a valuable aid in the campaign against thieves and burglars. A great many of these criminals are caught by the watchmen, who hand them over to the police. Watchmen often extinguish incipient fires, and they report any leakage of gas or water pipes to the proper authorities. This organisation in Berlin is, in fact, a model of efficiency. Owing to a detailed system of control, and frequent inspections, the modern watchman really does carry out his duties, and carries out his tours of inspection in the houses he has to guard with great thoroughness."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

AN EXQUISITE PLAY: EDITH EVANS EXCELS.

MR. REGINALD BERKELEY is a bold, brave, imaginative man. Already we owe him one of the most impressive war-plays—"The White Château"—that will live despite the negative response of the box-office. And now, at the portals of the new year, he has given us this vibrating life-story of one of the great women of England—"The Lady with a Lamp"—a symbol of the country's "Ich dien" in the cause of humanness all the world over. To bring Florence Nightingale into the theatre was indeed a bold attempt, for beyond her great achievement in the Crimean War her life ebbed away in quietude; for years she lived as a memory in the mind of the nation, and only once, when the Order of Merit was conferred on her, was the glamour of her fame rekindled and the young generation reminded that, in retirement and ill-health, there vegetated an old lady whose name, years ago, was on the lips of the civilised world.

In his play Mr. Berkeley reveals this sweet soul, a rebellious spirit in her conventional, hide-bound

wheeled in in her bath-chair to receive the Order of Merit, the homage of Court society, the Lord Mayor, and the German Ambassador—to all of which she has but the words "Too kind" in appreciation—the wonderful *milieu* painting again grips us forcibly. Here is real tragedy in the midst of official joy; here is the heartrending reminder of *sic transit*; here the painful reality that life is but a day, a span, a spark. Yet here, too, is the balm that the memory of a good life is eternity. And thus we go hence in veneration of a great figure, in joyful remembrance of a beautiful play, and in gratitude to the author, Reginald Berkeley, who has erected a verbal monument to that good Samaritan—the Lady of the Lamp.

As I write, "the Lamp" is being trimmed to shine at the Garrick Theatre—I trust for many moons to come. On the whole, the cast will be the same, headed by Miss Edith Evans, who once more has asserted herself as one of the impelling figures of our stage of to-day. Her portrayal is that rare combination of perfect unison in characterisation and conception with transitions through the various phases of age which never betray the *tour de force*. Gently,

smoothly as a ship glides from the stocks, she passes the buoys that mark the tide of life. In the first scenes she is the maiden a little in advance of her time, yet Victorian, in the accepted sense of the word, with a difference of greater independence and outspokenness. Anon, for a short spell, she is ensnared by romance: within an ace she would have yielded to the manly, poetic, forcible entreaties of Tremayne; but her "duty" rose up at the crucial moment like a warning finger of fate. In the Scutari hospital scene we found the strong woman, still maidenish in her ways, but dominant—another *ego*, as it were, beyond all youthful day-dreams, bent on achieving her task in defiance of officialdom around her, fortified by the distant goodwill of Palmerston: a ruling spirit now, a "manager" of men (and women). In this episode she had superb moments of dignity and majestic fortitude. But her nature, her true womanhood, broke out again when she enfolded her dying lover in her arms and made us feel that in that chaste embrace she barred for ever the romance of life. The two following scenes, above referred to, scarcely marked a climax. She was impressive in the scene with Lady Herbert, and something of the old spirit flared up in the discussion with Palmerston. But Miss Evans rightly seemed to feel that she had to be rather passive in the growing years in order to depict senility in all its decay. Under this spell of the artist we even forgot that she is an actress; we came away with something in our mind that will be ineffaceable. And to say this is to pay the tribute to Miss Evans that she has surpassed herself and all the fine work that, in her comparatively short career, stands to her credit.

Another arresting characterisation was Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies—Mrs. Herbert. At first a little *châtelaine* of a woman, as the French would say, made to be petted and spoilt, manipulating her husband by the consciousness of her physical charms; later, a woman chastened and reformed by life and widowhood, and ready to make amends for the folly of youth and the feline envy of Florence. As the young woman Miss Davies was as witching as the modestly erotic Victorian could stealthily be; as the old Lady

Herbert she excited our sympathy. Florence, at any rate, had her past glory and her useful life for remembrance; but what had Lady Herbert but her widow's weeds and wealth in loneliness?

Mr. Leslie Banks made of Tremayne a fervent lover, a distinguished soldier, and, in the death-scene, he passed over with restraint and without theatricality. Mr. Neil Porter as Herbert was a very well-outlined second-fiddle to the dominating personality of Lord Palmerston, impersonated by Mr. Eille Norwood. We have not seen this fine character-actor for a long time, and at once, in a lengthy cast, he marked his superiority. As Palmerston he was trenchant, suavely condescending, always the *grand seigneur*—in fine, Victorian in all it stands for in aristocracy of demeanour and speech, with a grace of form beyond pomposity. The Dr. Sutherland of Mr. Henry Oscar—whom we hardly recognised—was appealing in his good-nature and his racial humour. And Mr. Richard Goolden was a priceless early edition of the "Tommy" who has become immortal since the Great War. I should like to name many others among a crowd of characters, all of them skilfully grouped in the picture by the producers; but in such a multitude it is difficult to differentiate beyond the few who stand out in prominence. Yet I must not forget to mention Miss Muriel Aked, Florence's conventional



"NO OTHER TIGER" AT THE ST. JAMES'S: ARCHIE CLUTTER (MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY) AND GASPARD ROUSSENCQ (MR. ALEC CHENTRENS) MURDER CORINNE (MISS MARY GLYNNE).

Archie Clutter is the "Tiger" of the play; and he hangs the dancer as he would a dog.

surroundings. Hers was a mission; she had received its message in the day-dream of the lamp, and in the spirit of a crusader she braved her parents and public opinion, which in those days cloistered women to hearth and home and marital duties. She went forth to minister to the sick and wounded in the East, sacrificing even her heart's desire for the man who was her mate and who was to die in her arms, and thereby closed the romance of her life. With wonderful dexterity Mr. Berkeley reconstructs her surroundings at home and, later, in the hospital. We obtain a glimpse of the political trend and figures of the time. In the hospital scene—a masterpiece of concentration—we realise, more graphically than in the blue-books and history, how we muddled through the war, how Florence cleared the Augean stables of the medical staff, how she defied the big "bonzes" to obtain the necessary supplies, how—a slave to duty—she could be ruthless to her helpers when they transgressed. Anon for a little while the play—which now brings us back to London and shows Florence, in approaching age and senility, making up her quarrel with Lady Herbert and discussing politics with her old friend "Pam"—ambles a little. Its appeal is greater to those familiar with history—who are in the minority—than to the general playgoer. Excision in these scenes would strengthen the climax. But in the last scene, when the heroine—now a mere shadow of her former strong personality, a doddering, semi-conscious, white-haired wreck—is



"NO OTHER TIGER" AT THE ST. JAMES'S: CORINNE (MISS MARY GLYNNE) INSTRUCTS MAUNG H'LA AS TO THE TWO GLASSES.

"No Other Tiger" has been adapted by Mr. A. E. W. Mason from his own murder and mystery novel of the same name. In the photograph, Corinne, the dancer, is seen with the two glasses that play their part in the "accidental" death she plans for her rich friend, Mrs. Clutter—one containing disinfectant, which is substituted for a sleeping draught.

ture by the producers; but in such a multitude it is difficult to differentiate beyond the few who stand out in prominence. Yet I must not forget to mention Miss Muriel Aked, Florence's conventional



THE PRODUCTION OF TCHEKOV'S "THE SEAGULL" AT THE ARTS THEATRE: MISS VALERIE TAYLOR AS NINA MIHAILOVNA ZARETCHNY.

Photograph by Maurice Beck and Helen Macgregor.

mother, the veriest pattern of the well-bred woman whose whole life was a mosaic of all the virtues crystallised in the word "lady," with an undercurrent of *ennui* and unexpressed "inhibitions."

A Gem of the Dutch Art Exhibition: A Terborch at the Royal Academy.

FROM THE PICTURE LENT BY THE ROYAL PICTURE GALLERY (THE MAURITSHUIS), THE HAGUE.



"THE LETTER": BY GERARD TERBORCH—SHOWING A TURKEY CARPET USED AS A TABLE-COVERING.

The official description of this painting, as given in the catalogue of the exhibition at Burlington House, is: "On the right, a fair-haired lady, seen three-quarter-length, turned to the left, sits at a table writing a letter. A Turkey carpet covers part of the table. In the background is the canopy of a bed." Terborch was born in 1617 and died in 1681. To quote "An Introduction to Dutch Art": "Gerard Terborch was the son of a tax-collector of Zwolle, who painted pictures in his spare time, and who seems also to have had the means and leisure to travel in Germany,

Italy, and France. He thus belonged to a grade of Dutch society above that of Jan Steen, and he never seems to have been in need of money or to have suffered from the surplus of pictorial production in Holland. He travelled a good deal and was able to make money abroad by painting portraits; and he seems on his travels to have been well provided with introductions and to have mixed in good society all his life. Terborch received his first artistic training from his father. . . . Dr. Hofstede de Groot's catalogue gives Terborch about five hundred pictures."

A Gem of the Dutch Art Exhibition: A Vermeer at the Royal Academy.

FROM THE PICTURE LENT BY THE ROYAL PICTURE GALLERY (THE MAURITSHUIS), THE HAGUE.



"A VIEW OF DELFT FROM THE ROTTERDAM CANAL": BY JOHANNES VERMEER OF DELFT—SHOWING TRACES OF A MAN'S FIGURE WHICH WAS PAINTED OUT BY THE ARTIST HIMSELF.

IN the catalogue of the Exhibition of Dutch Art, now being held at Burlington House, is the following description: "Beyond the broad canal, which runs right across the picture, lie the walls of Delft with the Schiedam and Rotterdam gates, the latter of which is flanked by two towers. In the left foreground, a barge moored to the bank, and a group of men and women. Near the centre [of the foreground, to the right of the two women] may be discerned the traces of a man's figure which was painted out by the artist himself. Signed on the barge with the monogram: I.V.M. (intertwined)." To which it may be added that, discussing Vermeer of Delft in his "Introduction to Dutch Art," Mr. R. H. Wilenski writes: "In a third group come the 'Milkmaid' in Amsterdam, the 'View of Delft,' and the 'Little Street' in The Hague. These pictures were painted possibly between 1657 and 1660. They are less broadly and freely painted than the early works. The paint is solid, and the touch small, though the effect—for this type of handling—is broad. They strike me as works of a man who is subjecting himself to a period of naturalistic discipline, who is determined to get, as it were, the last ounce of what Ruskin used to call 'fact' into his work. . . ."

GERMANY'S NEW WAR-SHIP: HIGHER POWER WITHIN TREATY LIMITS.

DRAWN BY DR. OSCAR PARKES, O.B.E., JOINT-EDITOR OF "JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS." (COPYRIGHTED.)



DISCUSSED IN A GERMAN OFFICIAL DOCUMENT WHOSE PUBLICATION IN LONDON HAS CAUSED A TALK OF "TREASON" IN GERMANY: THE PROJECTED NEW GERMAN ARMoured CRUISER AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

It was reported on the 20th that the German Public Prosecutor was inquiring, for the Reichswehr Ministry, into the laws of treason in regard to the publication in the "Review of Reviews," through the agency of an unknown source, of a confidential document, concerning the new 10,000-ton armoured cruiser, issued by General Groener, Minister of Defence, to German party leaders. Our illustration shows the vessel (just laid down at Kiel) as she will be when finished. "The drawing," Dr. Parkes says, "is the first authentic picture of this amazing ship.

Limited by the Peace Treaty as to tonnage and armament, German designers have produced a new type of war-ship which is an epoch-making engineering wonder. Upon a displacement equal to that of our 'Kent' class cruisers, she will carry a main armament of six 11-inch guns, with eight 6-inch guns, four aero guns, and six torpedo tubes. This armament could smash any of the 10,000-ton cruisers now being built. With a novel type of Diesel engine, she will attain 50,000 h.p., giving a speed of 26 knots, and a cruising radius of 10,000 miles at 20 knots."

THE CRUISER CONTROVERSY: NEW TYPES OF WARSHIPS RESULTING FROM THE WASHINGTON TREATY.

Drawings by DR. OSCAR PARKES, O.B.E., JOINT EDITOR OF "JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS." (COPYRIGHTED.)



ITALY—"TRIESTE"—Eight 8" guns in four turrets; H.P. 150,000—36 knots—the fastest cruiser. Note the novel forecast and wide sloping lines to funnels.

JAPAN—"NACHI"—Ten 6" guns in five turrets; H.P. 130,000—33 knots. Note the castle-like mass of bridge-work and control tops, trunked fore-funnel and undulating deckline.



GREAT BRITAIN—"YORK"—Six 8" guns in three turrets; H.P. 80,000—31½ knots. Note the lowering of the foreboard a deck from foremast to stern.



FRANCE—"SUFFREN"—Eight 8" guns in four turrets; H.P. 90,000—33 knots. Generally regarded as the most graceful cruiser afloat.

U.S.A.—"PENSACOLA"—Ten 6" guns in twin and triple turrets; H.P. 140,000—33 knots. Has the heaviest all-round fire of any Treaty cruiser. Note the many fire-control stations on masts and shaft funnels.

THE LATEST TYPES OF CRUISER BUILT FOR GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, ITALY, JAPAN, AND THE UNITED STATES, UNDER THE WASHINGTON TREATY: THEIR EXTERNAL CHARACTERISTICS.

The First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Bridgeman, discussing recently the relative cruiser strength of the British and American fleets, said that the ratification of the Kellogg Pact by the U.S. Senate was a far more important step in the cause of peace than tables as to the amount of armament each country was to have. In a note on his drawings, Dr. Parkes writes: "From the above illustrations a good idea can be obtained of the external characteristics of each of the latest types being built for Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and the U.S.A. under the limitations of the Washington Treaty. [A remarkable new German type is illustrated on page 143.] The French have produced a group of four ships, singularly graceful in outline. Two were given a speed of 34½ knots [36 on trials], for which protection was sacrificed; the 'Suffren' and 'Colbert' will steam at 33 knots only, and have superior internal protection. The armament is eight 8-in. guns, sixteen assorted anti-aircraft guns, and six torpedo-tubes. Italy has produced a type of ship designed for the Mediterranean only—lightly built, very fast, and armed with eight 8-in. and sixteen A.A. guns. The 'Trento' class appear exceedingly formidable craft, and have engines of 150,000-h.p., giving a designed speed of 36 knots—the fastest of any Treaty cruiser. Japanese designers have long since given up basing their plans upon

British practice, and in the 'Nachi' class have produced a group of extraordinary vessels. The hull is flush-decked, but proceeds aft in undulations, with a marked dip towards the stern. Ten 8-in. guns are carried in two groups, with four A.A. guns, and twelve torpedo-tubes. In order to keep the fore-funnel well away from the castle-like bridge and control-top structure, it is taken aft and trunked into the second uptake, giving a singularly rakish profile. The hull is triple-shelled, and the curious wedge-shaped sides of the ship are in sharp contrast to the wall-sided hulls of the other cruisers. With 130,000-h.p. the speed is expected to reach 33 knots maximum, and 32 knots at full load. The U.S. 'Pensacola' type are to carry ten 8-in. guns, with four 5-in. A.A., and six torpedo-tubes. Four of the big guns are in twin, and six in triple turrets, which give her an ahead and astern fire of five guns against the four guns of the other types. She is expected to reach 33 knots with 140,000-h.p., and is reported to have a radius of action of 13,000 miles at 15 knots. Our own 'B' class cruisers, such as H.M.S. 'York', are 8400-ton editions of the 10,000-tonners, the saving in weight being achieved by suppressing two 8-in. guns, and lowering the foreboard a deck from the foremast to the stern. 'York' carries six torpedo tubes, and will steam at 31½ knots."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

DURING the recent Battle of the Ashes we were perhaps inclined to forget that Australia is not merely a cricket team, but, incidentally, a continent, and a remarkably interesting continent too. It has had a hand in other battles, and has produced first-class fighting men, flying men, and explorers. Within its vast area it encloses high civilisation and primitive tribes no further advanced than the Stone Age. It is the home of strange beasts and birds, with a blend of both in the duck-billed platypus. It sends us wool, and wheat, and wine. Several of these features of Australian life have been topical of late. We have heard of trouble with the blacks, and with whites in shipping matters; we read of wheat clippers racing across ocean from Australia to England; only the other day a famous Australian explorer made a great flight of discovery in the Antarctic; and it is not long since the habits of the duck-billed platypus figured in *The Illustrated London News*. Hence, in selecting my team of books for this week's literary Test, I turn first to the land of the Corn-stalks.

The aforesaid explorer, who recently flew over the icy ranges of Graham Land and discovered its insularity, is indeed a far-travelled man. His experiences include "three years in the Arctic, two [now, presumably, three] trips to the Antarctic, and expeditions to Asia, Africa, South America, Russia, the Indies and other places." Such is the record he mentions in a foreword to his "UNDISCOVERED AUSTRALIA." Being an Account of an Expedition to Tropical Australia to collect Specimens of the rarer native Fauna for the British Museum, 1923-5. By Captain Sir G. H. Wilkins, M.C. Illustrated (Benn; 21s.). When the author started for Australia, he had lately returned from the historic expedition in the *Quest*, on which he served as naturalist. The British Museum was highly satisfied with the results of his Australian venture, which produced over 5000 specimens.

In telling the story of his three years' journey in his native continent, ending with a survey of Groote Eylandt and Arnhem Land in the far north, Sir Hubert Wilkins has produced one of the most interesting books of its kind in recent years, and certainly one of the best illustrated. The numerous photographs of native life, along with his descriptions, throw a flood of light on a subject hitherto somewhat obscure to the general reader. Especially thrilling is the chapter called "A Night of Terror with the Blacks, Groote Eylandt," when, camping alone in the bush beside a river, he heard stealthy footsteps in the sand. "I began to wonder (he writes) just where the spear would penetrate. The footsteps came slowly nearer; I could smell the fetid odour of black bodies, and yet I dared not speak for fear of a sudden spear-thrust." However, he lived to tell the tale, and next morning he fraternised with the intruders and won their friendship, and was even invited to their camp. There he set the seal on his popularity by "admiring Baby," who clutched his finger and laughed. "So far as we know," he adds, "this is the first time that a white man has lived in the camp of Groote Eylandt who had their women with them." There was a palaeolithic touch about some of their cave-dwellings, or rock-shelters, whose walls were covered with drawings of men, women, animals, and boats.

The humorous side of life in the back-blocks is not neglected, as when "Bill the stockman harnessed his chestnut mare to a dilapidated dogcart," and took Sir Hubert as a passenger. Bill, having spent many years in the saddle with no company but his horse, had developed a habit of talking to it, and his efforts to be sociable got mixed with his accustomed monologue: "So you come from the British Museum, do you? You — I'll learn you to look round and wander off the track, you — cow. . . . S'pose you are pretty good at shootin'? You cock-eyed son of —. If I was to set about you, your

own — mother wouldn't know you from a — bunch of raw hide." And so on to the same effect.

Nor does Sir Hubert shrink from criticism, and, as he puts it, "drawing attention to some things which my countrymen may not be pleased to hear." He found, for example, a certain lack of ideals. Much has been heard of late about the need of biologists for the Empire, and he had experience of the shortage "down under." Out of 350 replies to his advertisement, there was "not one response from young biologists anxious to take advantage of the opportunity." Later, he realised the state of affairs in conversation with an Australian university professor, who said: "I have dissuaded several promising young fellows from joining your expedition. There is no money to be made in expeditionary work to-day, or even in the study of natural history. Young fellows may earn a decent living at other things." Whereon Sir Hubert comments: "Most Australians are well off in regard to creature comforts, and many of them soon reach independent means; yet the absence of the expressed desire for culture and for higher things, and their contentedness with the mediocre, make them perhaps the poorest rich people in the world to-day."

Along with Sir Hubert's descriptions of Australian blacks, those interested in the subject should read an equally fascinating, and even more intimate, account of them called "ADVENTURES IN THE BIG BUSH." In the Haunts of the Aboriginal. By Cyril Grant Lane. With forty-seven illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s.). Dr. Lane has spent twenty-nine years in Australia and the islands of the north, mostly away from towns, and has travelled, camped, and hunted with the blacks,

burst into laughter at an absurd outline of a native-companion (Australia's only species of crane) thrusting its long neck into a kneeling boy's throat, the atmosphere in general became charged with merry sunshine." No one can read this book without feeling that there is a good deal that is likable in the Australian black, and especially in the children, such as one named Little Bill.

A rather more sinister impression of native character—not so much in Australia as in the Pacific Islands, such as Papua, the Solomons, and elsewhere—is occasionally conveyed in "MY ODYSSEY." By Jack McLaren. With a Preface by Thomas Burke. Illustrated (Benn; 12s. 6d.). Here we find a good many lurid stories of bloodthirsty events. Not but what there is also a strong spice of humour. One of the most amusing stories the author has kept till the end. It is too long to recount in full. Briefly—at a certain village in Fiji the chief gave a reception in the author's honour. "For a time all went well: then one man stated that he liked my trousers; he was enamoured of my trousers—they were the best trousers he had ever seen, he said; and he asked the planter if he thought the great Turaga (Master) beside him would give away the garment if he were asked. There was a sudden hush at this, for it was a recognised custom among these natives that when a thing was asked for, or even extravagantly admired, it should be handed over." It was an awkward predicament, for the author's only other pair happened to have just been soaked with rain.

The situation was saved by the Chief, who rose and delivered an eloquent harangue which at once absolved the owner of the trousers from any charge of being ungenerous and reduced to penitence the maker of such an inappropriate request. Picturing the shame which he had brought upon his native place, the Chief said: "And in the papers which have pictures will be the village where this thing happened. For many people will read, my brothers, and they will see the pictures. And they will laugh and speak in scorn of Siria. In Suva and Levuka will they laugh and talk and mock. On the beaches of Samoa will the news be passed from mouth to mouth. . . . And the King of America will carry with him the book and the papers with the pictures that he may look often and laugh. And King George Number Five will ask that the Turaga tell with his lips the story of Musilami, that he may hear with his own ears how a foolish man brought mockery on his village." From which, among other things, we may assume that the Fijians have all the illustrated papers.

In point of literary quality, Mr. McLaren's book ranks high, and will take an honoured place, I think, in the literature of the South Seas. Its charm is enhanced by the beauty of the numerous photographs; while interest in the author's personality and in the vicissitudes of his career is stimulated by Mr. Burke's admirable preface.

Yet another book of kindred interest, geographically speaking, is offered, as half novel and half travel book, with the title "UNDER THE SOUTH." By James Norman Hall, author of "Mid-Pacific" (Chapman and Hall; 15s.). Curiously enough, it is not illustrated. The late Robert Keable, we are told, intended to write an Introduction, considering it "perhaps the truest picture" ever given of the Polynesian underworld. The book does not represent a lifelong knowledge of the islands, for the author introduces himself as one of two young soldier-friends who, finding themselves at a loose end in Paris after the Armistice, decided to seek adventure in the South Pacific. At Tahiti they parted on diverging

paths, arranging to meet again. The rest of the book describes the author's own experiences. The most poignant element in it is the story of a young English planter recluse who sought solitude on a lonely island and developed into something very like a maniac. Whatever his troubles were, he should have remembered that at least he did not have to write an article about them every week.

C. E. B.



ITALY'S PATRON SAINT OF HEALTH: ST. SEBASTIAN
AN ANCIENT ARROW-PIERCED FIGURE IN HIS JANUARY
FESTIVAL AT CAMPOROSSO.

"Every year on January 20," writes a correspondent, "the little mountain village of Camporosso, above Bordighera, keeps the festival of St. Sebastian, Italy's patron saint of health. The procession is one of the most picturesque in all Italy, and peasants come from neighbouring villages all around. At 'mezzo-giorno' the procession starts on its triumphal way. First come the choristers, and then the ancient arrow-pierced figure of St. Sebastian himself, borne aloft by members of the village Confraternity, and his sacred Bay Tree of Wafers, which has its origin in the tradition that Sebastian, called to the aid of a dying comrade whom he had converted, cured him by the sacred Wafer, a tree of which suddenly blossomed beside him as he prayed. St. Sebastian has been the special protector of Camporosso ever since his miraculous appearance there in the Middle Ages, when he delivered the village from the ravages of plague."

who came to regard him as a "brother." He has also lectured about them, he estimates, to over 90,000 people in England. "And so," he writes, "I humbly offer the contents of this book to those who care to read of the wilds, the creatures haunting them, and the home life of aboriginal men, women, and children in the Far North of Queensland as they appeared to me, and as I learned to love them." His picturesque narrative will be found extremely readable, except, perhaps, by those purists who jib at split infinitives, with which his pages are somewhat freely peppered.

In this book again we find that love of pictures which seems to be inherent in the Stone Age mentality of primitive races. On one occasion when a native, chaffed by the others for his awkwardness in shaking hands with the white man, was inclined to show hostility, Dr. Lane writes: "I sought to cool the rising temperature by speedily sketching men, boats, birds, anything that came readily to mind, on the wet sand. The idea worked like a charm, and when I



COMMEMORATING A MIRACULOUS CURE BY ST. SEBASTIAN:
HIS TREE OF SACRED WAFERS IN A VILLAGE PROCESSION
NEAR BORDIGHERA.

Tutankhamen and His Queen Portrayed by a Modern Painter.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY MRS. WINIFRED BRUNTON, R.M.S., EXHIBITED AT THE ARLINGTON GALLERY. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



THE GIRL BRIDE OF TUTANKHAMEN: A MODERN "RECONSTRUCTION" PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ANKH-ES-EN-AMEN, BASED ON REPRESENTATIONS FOUND IN THE FAMOUS TOMB. (OF ABOUT 1350 B.C.)

In connection with Mrs. Brunton's charming "reconstruction" portraits of the world-famous boy Pharaoh and his bride, it is interesting to recall certain passages about his marriage in "The Tomb of Tutankhamen," the book in which Mr. Howard Carter has recorded his great discovery. One chapter describes the plans made for the succession to the throne of Egypt by the "Heretic" Pharaoh, Akhenaten, and his wife, Nefertiti. Akhenaten had three daughters but no male heir. "The third, Ankh-es-en-pa-Aten (we read), was married to Tut-ankh-Amen, as he then was—the Tut-ankh-Amen with whom we are now so familiar. Just when this marriage took place is not certain. It may have been in Akh-en-Amen's life-time, or it may have been contracted hastily immediately after his death, to legalise his claim to the throne. In any event they were but children. Ankh-es-en-pa-Aten was born in the eighth year of her father's reign, and therefore cannot have been more than ten; and we have reason to believe, from internal evidence in the tomb, that Tut-ankh-Amen himself was little more than a boy. . . . Just a word as to his wife, Ankh-es-en-pa-Aten, as she was known originally, and Ankh-es-en-Amen after the reversion to Thebes. As the one through whom the King inherited she was a person of considerable importance, and he makes due acknowledgment of the fact by the frequency with which her name and person appear on the tomb furniture. There are two particularly charming representations of her. In one, on the back of the throne, she anoints her husband with

[Continued in Box 2.]

perfume: in the other, she accompanies him on a shooting expedition, and is represented crouching at his feet, handing him an arrow with one hand, and with the other pointing out to him a particularly fat duck. . . . Charming pictures these, and pathetic too, when we remember that at seventeen or eighteen years of age the wife was left a widow. . . . To this story there is a sequel, provided for us by a number of tablets, found some years ago in the ruins of Boghazkeui, and only recently deciphered. An interesting little tale of intrigue it outlines, and in a few words we get a clearer picture of Queen Ankh-es-en-Amen than Tut-ankh-Amen was able to achieve for himself in his entire equipment of funeral furniture." There is no room here to quote the whole of Mr. Howard Carter's narrative of this incident. The gist of the story is that, after Tutankhamen's death, and during the interregnum pending the completion of the elaborate funeral ceremonies, the young widowed Queen made a bid to retain her position on the throne. "We find her," says Mr. Carter, "writing a letter to the King of the Hittites in the following terms: 'My husband is dead and I am told that you have grown-up sons. Send me one of them, and I will make him my husband, and he shall be King over Egypt.' The cautious Hittite, however, temporised, and wrote for further particulars, so the opportunity passed. "The Queen (we read) disappears from the scene, and we hear of her no more. It is a fascinating little tale. Had the plot succeeded, there would never have been a Ramesses the Great."



THE BOY PHARAOH WHO PROVIDED THE GREATEST SENSATION OF MODERN ARCHEOLOGY: TUTANKHAMEN WEARING REGALIA FOUND IN HIS TOMB—A "RECONSTRUCTION" PORTRAIT.



AKIN TO CRAFT RACING FROM AUSTRALIA TO ENGLAND: "THE CLIPPER 'GLORY OF THE SEAS.'"

Mr. Warren Sheppard's fine painting is of particular interest just now in view of another trans-ocean race—a "return match" to that of last year—now beginning between two great sailing-ships of similar type, the "Beatrice" and the "Herzogin Cecilie," both engaged in the wheat export trade from Australia to Europe. The 1928 race, it may be recalled, was won by the "Herzogin Cecilie." Both ships left Port Lincoln, in South Australia, on January 19, bound for Falmouth, where the winner arrived in 96 days, on April 24, 18 days ahead of her rival. These contests recall the old-time

rivalries of famous clippers, such as the "Cutty Sark." Although the golden age of sail is past, the "white wings" have not yet been entirely driven from the sea by steam and petrol. Sailing-ships still afford excellent training for young seamen, and the "Cutty Sark" is now moored in Falmouth Harbour for that purpose. Mr. Warren Sheppard's picture is reproduced by courtesy of the American journal "Country Life." The "Glory of the Seas" was once commanded by the father of Mr. James A. Farrell, President of the U.S. Steel Corporation, who owns the original painting.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY WARREN SHEPPARD, OWNED BY MR. JAMES A. FARRELL.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING THE "KING-CHEETAH."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

FOR the last eighty years or so 'collections of "every living creature that hath life" have been pouring into the great museums of the world, a harvest garnered partly by private enterprise and partly by specially equipped expeditions. Wallace, Bates, and Belt were the pioneers. They began by exploring the unknown forests of Malaya and South America. Darwin and Huxley were among the first to explore the great oceans. Later followed the world-famous *Challenger* Expedition for the survey of the seas. A highly trained scientific staff divided

a red, or "hepatic phase." The first recorded example was given the rank of a true species by the old French naturalist Brisson, who named it *Perdix montana*. Since then, many intermediate stages, passing from the extreme red to the typical grey type, have been obtained, and so we call the "red" partridge a "variety." If it were not for these intermediate stages it would be called to-day a "mutation"—a sudden leap.

The evolution of new species, according to some authorities to-day, may, and probably often does, take place by means of such "mutations." But this view has but little evidence to support it, for mutations are rare indeed. Certain members of the heron tribe—the blue heron (*Florida cærulea*), for example, and the reef herons (*Demicregretta*)—are noteworthy as presenting two forms, one dark grey, the other white. The reddish egret (*Dichromanassa rufa*) is another—one form of the species being rufous, the other white. Some extremely interesting facts have been recorded about these herons, throwing light upon the evolution of the beautiful pure-white egrets. But this is a matter which I must discuss on another occasion. I want to pass now to the case of what, it seems, will prove to be another instance of a "mutation" which was first described as a new species. Rather more than two years ago Major A. L. Cooper, D.S.O., sent simultaneously to the British Museum of Natural History and to the editor of the *Field* a photograph of what he believed to be a hybrid between a leopard and a cheetah, which had been trapped by the natives in the Umvukwe Range, north-west of Salisbury, Rhodesia. He described it as like a very stockily built leopard, with powerful limbs and a comparatively short, thick tail, but with the non-retractile claws of the cheetah, a ruff round the

neck, and striped after a fashion unlike any other animal yet known.

The matter was taken up by Mr. R. I. Pocock F.R.S., who has devoted long years to the study of the carnivora. He made a careful examination of the skin, which had been sent to the Natural History Museum. He came at once to the conclusion that this skin was that of a hitherto unknown species of cheetah. He was further justified in this by the information that several other specimens had been shot, in various parts of Rhodesia, during the last few



FIG. 1. A TYPICAL AFRICAN CHEETAH: AN ANIMAL WITH MARKINGS DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT FROM THOSE OF THE NEW TYPE SHOWN BELOW IN FIG. 3.

The character of the markings of the typical African cheetah are conspicuously different from those of the King-Cheetah. But it will be noticed that in the matter of shape the two are exactly alike. In the leopard, a more heavily built, shorter-legged animal than the cheetah, the spots take the form of rings surrounding a clear space.

this laborious work between them. It needed a series of enormous quarto volumes to describe the spoils of the zoologists. More recently came the magnificent work of Scott, Wilson, and others in the Antarctic, and the great expeditions sent out by the American Museum of Natural History. The spoils they have sent home are as yet only partly examined. The gleaners in harvesting of this kind have neither the time nor the means to determine how many of the creatures, great and small, fossil and recent, are new to science. This can be done only where it is possible to compare the unknown with the known—that is to say, in a museum.

But even here the task is not easy. What is a species? What is a sub-species? By a "species," speaking broadly, we mean a group of individuals sharing certain characters in common whereby they may be distinguished from any other similar group. This implies that these are heritable characters, transmitted from parent to offspring, with little or no variation. The house-mouse, the sparrow, and the partridge are "species" we all know. But species which have a wide geographical distribution are not to be so crisply defined. When examples from every part of their known range come to be compared, it is commonly found that they present subtle gradations of coloration or structure, as they are traced from the extreme north to the extreme south of their range, or from east to west, as the case may be. Yet even these can at last be grouped into more or less distinct assemblages of species, which we call "geographical races," or "sub-species."

But we are faced with yet another disturbing factor in this discussion of the qualities of a species. For, while some are extraordinarily stable, showing no appreciable differences even after the examination of thousands of individuals, some are by no means so constant. They show, every now and again, departures from the type. What are known as "hepatic phases" of the cuckoo and the tawny owl are well-known cases in point. The common partridge sometimes produces



FIG. 2. A TYPICAL INDIAN CHEETAH, OR "HUNTING LEOPARD": AN ANIMAL RATHER SMALLER THAN THE AFRICAN SPECIES, BUT OTHERWISE PRACTICALLY IDENTICAL.

The Indian "hunting leopard," or "chita," differs from the African only in that it is slightly smaller; the two animals are not specifically distinct. The name "hunting leopard" suggests affinity with the true leopard; but, as a matter of fact, there is no relationship between them. The cheetah, or "chita," stands entirely apart from all the other members of the cat-tribe in having non-retractile claws. In the fashion of their spots they recall the serval-cat, inasmuch as in both the spots are solid, not "rosettes," as in the leopards.

years; while one of the native police had added the further information that this animal never attacked cattle, but was very shy. The only harm it ever did was to take an occasional goat.

Yet other skins have since then come to light, and these seem to suggest that, after all, we have here rather a "mutation" than a new species. And this because in the original specimen described by Mr. Pocock the back was marked by very long, heavy stripes, while the sides and flanks bore long, interrupted longitudinal and oblique stripes, interspersed between which were many very large spots, quite unlike those of the typical cheetah.

These later skins, while conspicuously different from those of the cheetah as we know it, are yet sufficiently unlike that of the original "new species" to make it possible that we have here a case of "sporting" which has not yet assumed that condition of stability necessary for the constitution of a "species."

The adjoining photograph (Fig. 3) of *Acinonyx rex*, the "King-Cheetah," is that of a specimen recently mounted in the Rowland Ward Studios. From this it will be seen, in the first place, that, as Mr. Pocock points out, this animal is not "very stockily built," but in this matter is true to type; and, in the second place, it will be noted that the uppermost dorsal stripes have jagged edges, indicating a fusion of spots; while the sides and flanks are marked by indubitable spots, not longitudinal stripes. Nevertheless, it differs in a very unmistakable manner from the typical cheetah, both as found in Africa (Fig. 1) and in India (Fig. 2). It would seem that we have here a species "in the making." From some mysterious cause it has taken on a new pattern, but as yet this has not become stabilised. For the moment we must leave it at that, but in any case it is a profoundly interesting animal.

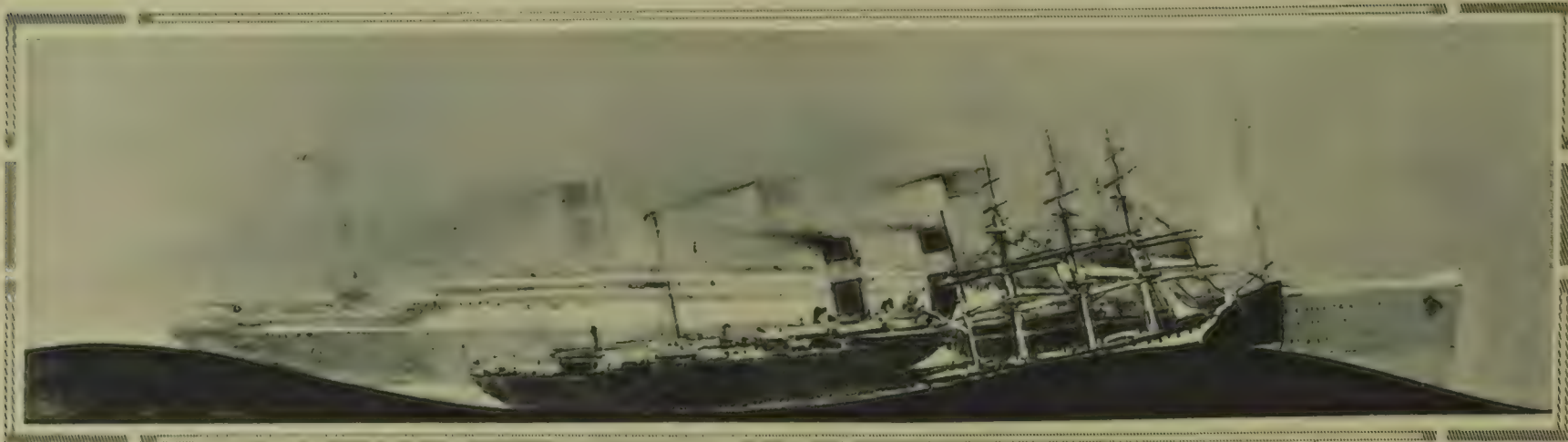


FIG. 3. AN INTERESTING NEW TYPE OF ANIMAL FROM RHODESIA: A "KING-CHEETAH," PERHAPS A CASE OF "SPORTING," OR A SPECIES STILL IN THE MAKING, AS IT DIFFERS IN MARKINGS BOTH FROM THE FIRST ONE FOUND AND FROM THE TYPICAL CHEETAH OF AFRICA AND INDIA.

In the first-described, or type-specimen, of the King-Cheetah the back was marked by several broad longitudinal stripes, with sharply defined borders; while the flanks bore numerous interrupted longitudinal and oblique stripes, interspersed between which were numerous large spots. In the above specimen, however, the dorsal stripes have jagged margins, as though made up by an incomplete fusion of a chain of spots. The flanks are spotted, not striped; but the spots are quite unlike those of the typical cheetah.—[By Courtesy of the Rowland Ward Studios.]

WAVE STRESSES ON SHIPS IN A GALE: "SAGGING" AND "HOGGING."

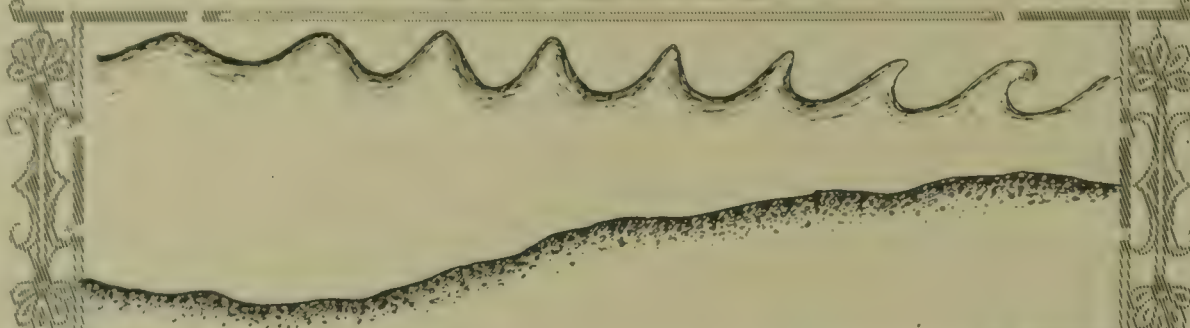
DESCRIPTIVE NOTES BY DR. OSCAR PARKES, O.B.E., JOINT-EDITOR OF "JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS."



HOW A HEAVY SWELL AFFECTS DIFFERENT SHIPS.—Note how the sailing-ship, being less than half the distance between successive crests, pitches to the inclination of the swell. The steamer pitches less as her stern is lifted in the hollow, while the liner rides two crests on an even keel.

Ocean waves may attain a height of 60 ft., and there is a general relation between the length of the swell and the wave height. Thus, the distance from crest to crest of 60-ft. waves in the South Seas may be half a mile, so that the slope of these "mountains" is slight—about 3 per cent. In the

(Continued opposite)



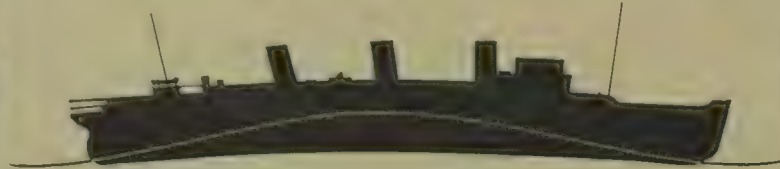
INFLUENCE OF DEPTH OF WATER ON WAVE FORM.—Depth of water modifies the nature of waves. A shelving bottom reflects the swell, causing superposition of waves, which become shorter and steeper; the ground drag on their bases allows the crests to forge ahead so that they turn over and break.

(Continued.)

Atlantic, with swells of 300 yards, a high wave of 40 ft. may have a slope of 10 per cent. In the North Sea the swell can be very short and steep, and it is calculated that the wave on which the destroyer "Cobra" broke her back must have been about 30 per cent. This happened in the year 1901.



A DIAGRAMMATIC REPRESENTATION OF THE "SAGGING" STRESS SUSTAINED BY A SHIP WHEN HER ENDS ARE BORNE ON WAVE-CRESTS LEAVING HER AMIDSHIPS SECTION WITHOUT SUFFICIENT IMMERSION SUPPORT.



ALTERNATIVELY TO "SAGGING" A SHIP MAY BE SUBJECTED TO "HOGGING" STRAIN BY A HUGE WAVE HOLDING HER UP AMIDSHIPS, HER ENDS BEING UNSUPPORTED. EITHER OF THE TWO MAY "BREAK HER BACK."



HOW A LINER PITCHES IN A SEAWAY.—The letters A, A' are the pivoting points of the two silhouettes of the liner "Ile de France," which has traversed the distance A—A' in three seconds at nine knots. During this period the extreme rise and fall of the bows has been through 26 feet—or three storeys of the house drawn in comparison.

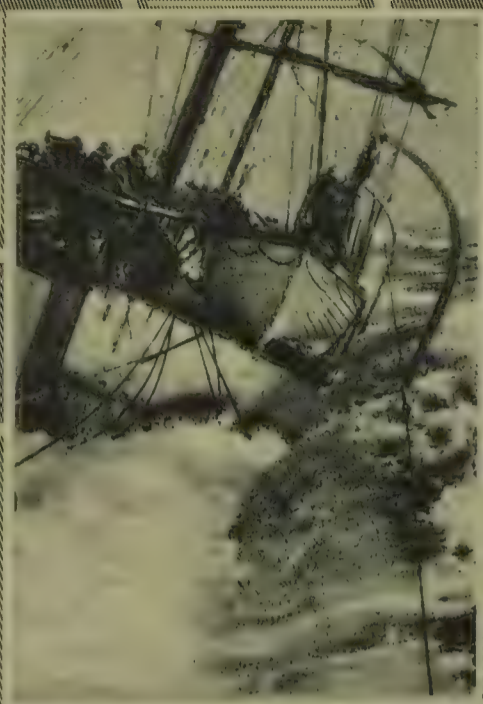
Between January and March is "Gale Season"—the time when ocean voyagers may expect to experience one of those tempestuous crossings when seas are met with which are almost invariably described as "the worst in the captain's memory." The illustrations above show in diagram how various types of ships behave in a seaway, and give some idea of the tremendous stresses to which they are subjected. A ship "gives" to the sea, but not, of course, to the extent shown in Diagrams Nos. 3 and 4, which merely show the nature of the stresses in silhouette. Naval architects provide a factor of safety against fatal sagging or hogging, which far exceeds the greatest stress even remotely possible in the heaviest sea. From the diagrams it will be seen that sagging produces a compression strain, while hogging has the opposite effect. Also, that the upper part of a ship is subjected to a far greater stress than is the lower. The longitudinal structure of the vessel

is specially designed to meet these different stresses, and each piece of metal, whether of soft or hardened steel, is calculated to meet the special local stress. A ship "finds herself" when all her parts work in unison. Some of the most dangerous seas in the world can be found in the Pentland Firth, where wind, tide, and current combine to produce typhoon-like waves, such as that which washed away the forward bridge and displaced the upper part of the conning tower in the 14,000-ton battle-ship "Albemarle" in 1915. Neither pen nor brush can convey any idea of the mountainous seas met with in the Great Australian Bight. A sailing-ship can be almost becalmed in the troughs of these rollers, only to have her topsails nearly blown out of her as the masts rise above the level of the following wave, which towers high over her stern and threatens to "poop" her as she is flung forward on the surging crest.

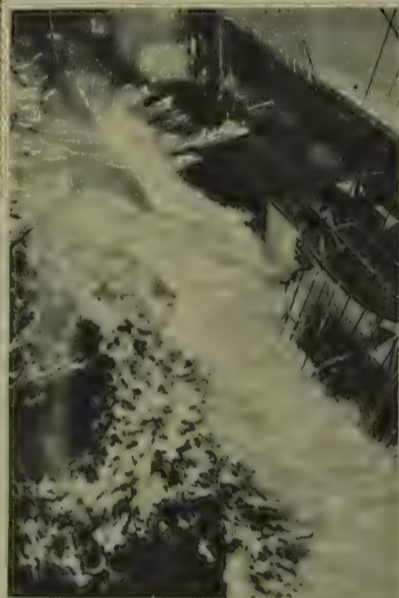
AKIN TO THE "MAJESTIC'S" EXPERIENCE: SHIPS UNDER THE STRESS OF BIG SEAS.



WHERE THE "MAJESTIC" WAS RECENTLY STRUCK BY A "MOUNTAIN OF WATER" THAT KILLED ONE OF THE CREW: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF "HEAVY SEAS" IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, WITH A DEEP TROUGH BETWEEN THE WAVES.



A VESSEL SHIPPING A BIG SEA: WATER POURING ON BOARD, WITH MEMBERS OF THE CREW ABOVE BESIDE ONE OF THE BOATS.



HOW MEN ALOFT WOULD SEE THE DECK OF A SHIP WHEN A WAVE COMES ABOARD: A VIEW FROM ABOVE.



ANOTHER PHASE OF STORMY WATER ENCOUNTERED IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC: A WHIRLPOOL EFFECT, WITH APPARENTLY WELL-DEFINED DIVISIONS OF CURRENT, AND HIGH WAVES CURLING INTO FOAM AT THE TOP



A BIG WAVE SWEEPING ACROSS THE DECK OF A SHIP: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH THAT GIVES A VIVID IDEA OF WHAT A GALE AT SEA MEANS TO THOSE ON BOARD.



WITH TONS OF WATER POURING OVER THE SIDE IN A HUGE CATARACT: A SCENE ON THE DECK OF A SHIP ROLLING THROUGH HEAVY SEAS IN A STORM.

These remarkable photographs may give some idea—on a lesser scale, no doubt—of what happened the other day to the world's largest steamship, the White Star liner "Majestic," which reached New York on January 16 after the worst experience in her many Transatlantic passages. Two days earlier, according to one account, she was proceeding through moderate seas, when she suddenly nosed into a trough of unusual depth and encountered what has been described as a tidal wave. A mountain of water crashed down upon her with a terrific impact,

forcing in a hatch of solid steel, and flooding the forecabin and the third-class quarters. A cook standing in the passage on the well-deck was swept by the deluge down the companion-way against a steel door. His neck was broken and he was killed instantly. Several other members of the crew were injured, but, as it was afternoon, most of the passengers were fortunately in the public rooms above flood level. The above photographs were taken in sailing-ships, but they show vividly enough what it means for any vessel to ship a big sea during a gale.

JUDITH LEYSTER AS PAINTER OF "REMBRANDTS" AND OTHER DUTCH MASTERPIECES: THE DANGERS BELIEF.

In view of the very exceptional interest that is being taken in the great Exhibition of Dutch Art at Burlington House, and the re-raising of the question as to whether Rembrandt did in fact paint certain of the famous pictures attributed to him, or whether some of

these should be recognised as by one or other of his pupils or imitators, it is of value to recall that in Mr. R. H. Wilenski's excellent "Introduction to Dutch Art," which was reviewed in our pages the other day, there is the paragraph (then quoted): "... He had not less than seventy known pupils

"REMBRANDTS" THAT WERE NOT PAINTED BY REMBRANDT.

JUDITH LEYSTER AND OLD MASTERS.

By Francis C. Fuerst.

A NEW book by Dr. Robert Dangers, the well-known art historian of Hamburg—published in Hanover, under the title "Die Rembrandt-Fälschungen"—gives the results of many critical examinations of Rembrandt's paintings, and has aroused much controversy. For some years past, the author has devoted himself to a systematic study of the works by that master, and recently he determined to take the public into his confidence. He declares that a number of the paintings ascribed to Rembrandt or to Frans Hals are really by Judith Leyster, who was Rembrandt's contemporary and almost of the same age, and a woman painter who should be looked upon as quite as gifted as the masters mentioned. Not long ago I was able to interview Dr. Dangers. "In my book," he said to me, "I explain how I introduced a new way of inspecting Rembrandt's paintings, utilising what I may call the natural-historic-morphological method. I placed the artist's 'self-portraits' in proximity to one another. I did this because it is well known that publications dealing with the history of pictures suffer from the fault that the pictures reproduced in them are seldom shown together, but usually one after the other—a custom which makes comparison very difficult. Using my system, I not only set reproductions of all Rembrandt's 'self-portraits' close to one another, but used reproductions that were all of the same size. I was forced to the following conclusions:

"(1) It is impossible to agree that all of these so-called 'self-portraits' represent one and the same person. It is clear that several faces are depicted.

"(2) The chronological arrangement that is based on the Catalogues of Bode and Valentiner does not do justice to the facts.

"(3) Remarkable divergences in style suggest that all these so-called 'self-portraits' were not painted by Rembrandt himself.

"A comparison of the painted 'self-portraits' ranged together, with etchings similarly arranged, reveals not only great differences in faces, but errors in the generally accepted chronological order of the various works. My examinations show that the etchings are more likely to be self-portraits than are the paintings, and that the chronological order of the etchings is truer than that of the paintings. In the case of the etchings, there is a uniformity of type in the Rembrandt face—a uniformity much more convincing than any shown by the painted 'self-portraits.' It follows, therefore, that the etchings

reveal Rembrandt's personality much better than do the paintings, and in this connection

it should be remembered that during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries greater importance was attached to Rembrandt's etchings than to his other works. It was not until the nineteenth century that the paintings were given first place. A side-by-side comparison of the paintings showing Saskia proves that certain of the paintings purporting to show her do not in reality do so. There is a particularly striking discrepancy between the portrait in the silver-point in Berlin, reproduced on this page (B), and that of the so-called 'self-portrait' with his wife Saskia in Dresden, also reproduced here (C). An unprejudiced observer must agree that two different women are shown. It may be added that considerable doubt was expressed a while ago as to the genuineness of the drawing as a Rembrandt, for it is in silver-point, whereas the signature has been added in carbon, and evidently later. Close investigation shows that, originally, there was a dainty inscription in silver-point in the place of the carbon signature. Indeed, below the signature as it at present appears it is possible to trace fragments of a name which may be taken to be 'J. Molenaar'—Judith Leyster's husband. This, with other details, suggests that the drawing is not by Rembrandt, and that it does not show Saskia, but that it is by Molenaar, and shows his wife, Judith Leyster.

Judith Leyster was a contemporary of Rembrandt's, and of about the same age, and, like him, lived in Amsterdam for a considerable period. Her importance in the history of Dutch art was first pointed out by Dr. Hofstede de Groot in 1893. It was proved at that time that she had been apprenticed to Frans Hals and that, even when she was only twenty-five or thirty years of age, she was producing works that bore a striking resemblance to his. Undoubtedly, she also came under the influence of Rembrandt. Recent researches have demonstrated that she signed her pictures in various ways—sometimes with an 'L,' sometimes with an 'L' with a star, sometimes with 'S' and 'T' interlaced.

When Rembrandt's works came into exceptional favour, it was easy enough to conceal her simple little signature underneath a 'Rembrandt' signature, which was usually large and rough. In fact, even now, I would point out, remains of Judith Leyster signatures can be traced in paintings attributed to Rembrandt. Further, there can be found in numerous so-called Rembrandts

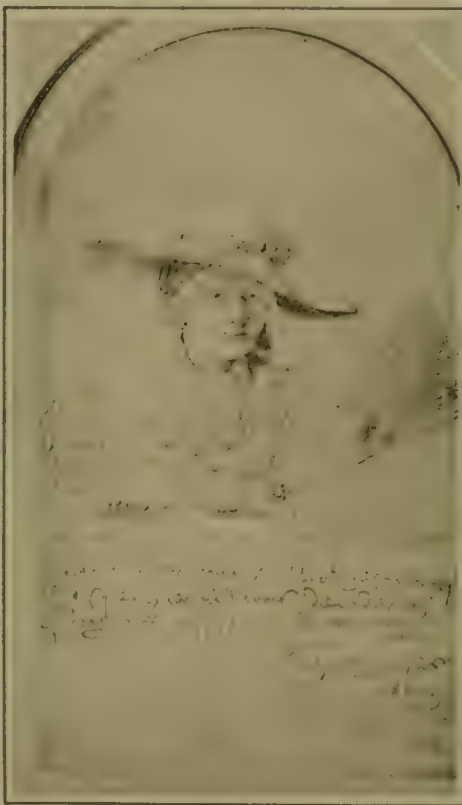
[Continued on page 156.]

dt = JL.	Rf.
zu B 100	zu B 32
b = L über a. a	R.
zu B 254	zu V 64
R rhm	fhaLsf.
zu B 539	zu Hals, Lustiger Zecher (Kassel)

(4) ADVANCED BY DR. ROBERT DANGERS IN SUPPORT OF HIS CONTENTION THAT CERTAIN REMBRANDTS AND FRANS HALS'S "JOLLY TOPER" ARE NOT BY THOSE ARTISTS, BUT BY JUDITH LEYSTER: "CRYPTO-SIGNATURES" OF JUDITH LEYSTER.

The top-left diagram illustrates Dr. Dangers's assertion that in the Rembrandt "Self-portrait with a Helmet," in the Cassel Gallery, JL, the initials of Judith Leyster, were subsequently changed into the "dt" of the word Rembrandt. That this could be done easily, the diagram shows. The diagram next to this, Dr. Dangers believes, proves that the signature on the "Portrait of an Old Man," in the Cassel Gallery, was signed originally by Judith Leyster in her customary fashion, with a JL and a star, and that the J has been changed into Rembrandt's R. The diagram at the centre left concerns the "Portrait of a Man," in the Cassel Gallery, and Dr. Dangers states that the b in this is, as is shown, much like a characteristic L by Judith Leyster. Above the a, he states, are signs of part of a J. The diagram on the right centre shows what Dr. Dangers considers to be Judith Leyster's initials and her star changed into an R of a form very unusual in a genuine Rembrandt signature. It comes from "Tobias and the Angel," in the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin. The diagram at the bottom left appertains to the "Family Group" in the Brunswick Gallery, and, again, says Dr. Dangers, shows a Leyster signature changed into a Rembrandt signature. Above the letters of the word Rembrandt, he sees the remains of a clear JL. The diagram at the bottom right-hand corner illustrates Dr. Dangers's point that "The Jolly Topper," in the Cassel Gallery, is not by Frans Hals, but by Judith Leyster. He says that it must have been very easy for fakers to change JL and a star into Frans Hals's signature. Of the J, he alleges they made an H. The L was not altered. The star was made into a full-stop.

whose works, while they were with him, were sold from his studio as 'Rembrandts' in accordance with the guild practice of the period." In the same review, mention was made of the fact that Mr. Wilenski discusses the recent volume by Dr. Robert Dangers, who asserts that Judith Leyster, wife of Jan Molenaar, pupil of Frans Hals, and reputed to have been Rembrandt's mistress, was not only a first-rate painter, but actually executed (or was a collaborator in the execution of) several of the masterpieces attributed to Rembrandt and to Frans Hals; to say nothing of Dou and, in one instance, Vermeer of Delft. This by way of introduction to the following article concerning Dr. Dangers's beliefs, which we have received from Vienna. Needless to say, the opinions expressed are not necessarily ours.



SO-CALLED REMBRANDT PORTRAITS OF HIS WIFE, SASKIA, WHICH DR. DANGERS ASSERTS ARE MORE LIKELY TO SHOW TWO DIFFERENT WOMEN AND TO BE BY JAN MOLENAER IN THE FIRST CASE, AND BY JUDITH LEYSTER IN THE SECOND: A SILVER-POINT ETCHING IN BERLIN (B) AND THE SO-CALLED "SELF-PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT AND SASKIA" IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY (C).

Dr. Dangers points out the lack of likeness between the faces of the so-called Saskias in these two works, and believes that the portraits are, in fact, of different people. He thinks the silver-point is not by Rembrandt, but by Jan Molenaar (who was Judith Leyster's husband), and that it shows Judith Leyster herself; and he further believes that the "Rembrandt and Saskia" shows the painter and his wife, Saskia, painted by Judith Leyster. He declares that between the head of Saskia and the raised glass there is re-touching which was done to hide the L signature of Leyster. There are, also, signs of re-touching above the feathers of Rembrandt's hat, and he argues that this, again, may have been done to hide a Leyster signature. Equally, there are other places where Judith might have signed and where her signature might have been painted over.

REMBRANDTS AND A FRANS HALS PAINTED BY JUDITH LEYSTER?

PICTURES WHICH DR. DANGERS ASSERTS BEAR "CRYPTO-SIGNATURES" OF THE WOMAN ARTIST; AND TWO UNDOUBTED LEYSTERS.



SAID BY DR. DANGERS TO BE NOT BY REMBRANDT, BUT BY JUDITH LEYSTER; AND TO BEAR SIGNS OF THE WOMAN ARTIST'S INITIALS: "THE LANDSCAPE WITH RUINS"—IN THE CASSEL GALLERY; AND THERE SHOWN AS A REMBRANDT.



AN UNDOUBTED WORK BY JUDITH LEYSTER, BY WHOM, DR. DANGERS ASSERTS, CERTAIN REMBRANDTS WERE PAINTED: THE WOMAN ARTIST'S "THE MERRY TOPER" (RIJKS MUSEUM).



AN UNDOUBTED WORK BY JUDITH LEYSTER, BY WHOM, DR. DANGERS ASSERTS, CERTAIN REMBRANDTS WERE PAINTED: "THE OFFER REFUSED" (MAURITSHUIS).



ACCORDING TO DR. DANGERS, BY JUDITH LEYSTER AND NOT BY REMBRANDT; AND SHOWING RETOUCHING WHERE THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A LEYSTER SIGNATURE: "JACOB'S BLESSING"—IN THE CASSEL GALLERY; AND THERE SHOWN AS A REMBRANDT.



A FAMOUS FRANS HALS WHICH DR. DANGERS ATTRIBUTES TO JUDITH LEYSTER: "THE JOLLY TOPER"—IN THE CASSEL GALLERY; AND THERE EXHIBITED AS A WORK BY FRANS HALS.



BELIEVED BY DR. DANGERS TO BE BY JUDITH LEYSTER, AND NOT BY REMBRANDT: THE "SELF-PORTRAIT WITH A HELMET"—IN THE CASSEL GALLERY; AND THERE EXHIBITED AS A WORK BY REMBRANDT.

As is noted in the article on the opposite page, Dr. Robert Dangers believes that certain paintings generally believed to be by Rembrandt, Frans Hals, and other Masters are in reality by Judith Leyster, who was the wife of Jan Molenaer and the pupil of Frans Hals, and is reputed to have been Rembrandt's mistress. He sees on a number of famous works what he calls "crypto-signatures" of Judith Leyster, and asserts that in many cases such signatures have been painted over and replaced by the signatures of Rembrandt or others. In the case of the "Landscape with Ruins," he says, in the interview quoted opposite: "The angler (in the centre foreground) has two fishing-rods! At the end of the one that is

further away there was, originally, an 'L' with a star. That this might be obliterated, the nearer fishing-rod was added later, and the swans were moved more towards the foreground." As to "Jacob's Blessing," he says that this shows retouching where there must have been a Leyster signature; namely, between the faces of Joseph and his wife. He points out that the actual Rembrandt signature is rough and heavy, and was possibly made so to cover another signature. As to the "Self-Portrait with a Helmet," he says that "JL," the initials of Judith Leyster, were changed at a later date into the "dt" of the word "Rembrandt." (See diagrams on the opposite page.)



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: SOME DUTCH ETCHERS.

By Lieut.-Colonel E. F. STRANGE, C.B.E., Late Keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

THE overwhelming feast of Dutch Art now provided for the edification and enjoyment of the British public, largely by an almost unparalleled act of generosity on the part of the various authorities concerned in Holland, may be expected to produce some interesting reactions. For instance, it may result in a revival of interest in the work of a group of seventeenth-century etchers whose achievements are overshadowed by the splendid genius of Rembrandt, but have, nevertheless, qualities of their own that entitle them to consideration, to recognition in the history of the art of etching, and to a modest place in the portfolios of the collector.

For instance, attention may well be given to the Dutch etchers of landscape. Those of Rembrandt are the supreme achievement of art in this method,



FIG. 1.—"THE LITTLE BRIDGE": AN ETCHING BY JACOB RUISDAEL (SECOND STATE).

and one of the curiosities of the history of etching is that so long an interval elapsed before their influence began to manifest itself in later practitioners of the art. So far as England is concerned, we find no serious exercise on this magnificent theme until its beauties were interpreted to a somewhat cold and unresponsive public by Seymour Haden and Whistler. Rembrandt was the first to explore, and with absolutely certain touch, the infinite possibilities of the etched line, and of the dry-point as an accessory thereto. The former, in good hands, is the most sympathetic and satisfying of all the varieties of black-and-white engraving or draughtsmanship. It has a quality of its own that nothing else appears to rival.

The Dutch etchers of landscape, with some of whom these notes are to deal, did not rise to the highest level of the technique of the art. They made little or no use of dry-point, and their biting is, as a rule, comparatively simple and straightforward. But they went direct to Nature and sought for an unaffected transcript of the particular phase that appealed to them. With the exception of the work of that interesting and original etcher, Hercules Seghers, their prints do not show much enterprise or originality in the direction of developing the possibilities of the process. Seghers (1589—c. 1650) was the pioneer of colour-printing from copper-plates, though he used only one colour at a time, and did not get as far as over-printing or the increase of the number of plates. Otherwise he made use of tinted paper and other devices to assist in obtaining the desired result. Seghers made about 50 plates; prints from them vary in almost every instance, and are among the treasures of the collector. Rembrandt is known to have been interested in his work, which, apart from its curiosity of technique, has considerable artistic merit.

An etcher of very different calibre was the great painter of landscape, Jacob van Ruisdael of Haarlem. He only made ten or a dozen prints; and those who will have given a well-deserved meed of appreciation to that superb study of sky and water and landscape, "The Mill near Wijk-by-Duurstede," at Burlington House, must not expect anything of the sort in the few

and rare etchings. Yet, in essentials, the latter have, as they should have, a good deal in common with the artist's paintings. The drawing tells its tale without possibility of equivocation. The structure of the gnarled and stunted oaks which so greatly attracted the painter is studied and expressed with absolute fidelity, and yet without tiresome realism or over-elaboration of detail. "The Little Bridge" (Fig. 1), which we reproduce, is one of the most characteristic and successful of the Ruisdael etchings, in a manner which has not been without its considerable influence on some of the men who came after him, as it certainly affected several of his contemporaries. Among direct imitators of his style may be mentioned Adriaan Verboom and, perhaps, C. van Beeresteyn.

One of the best-known contemporary etchers of this school was Anthonie Waterloo who produced a large number of plates of landscapes, as to the merits of which critics have held widely diverse opinions. One of his most enthusiastic admirers in recent times was the late Sir Frederick Wedmore, who selects "Les Deux Ponts" for very high praise. On the other hand, another well-known writer classes the whole of Waterloo's output as "uniform and mediocre." Our example (Fig. 3), "Le Petit Bossu," will, perhaps, assist readers to form an opinion; but the whole affair rests entirely on the point of view. Waterloo could draw, and his composition was always excellent. He was a careful and accurate student of Nature, painstaking, perhaps, rather than inspired; and he had his quite considerable vogue among the collectors of the early nineteenth century. His reputation has suffered, apart from the fact that modern fashion has, for the time, drifted so far away from him and his compeers, by the fact that he

not only issued so considerable a number of plates, but re-worked them to such an extent as practically to destroy, or, at all events, seriously to impair, their artistic value. But really good early proofs of his work are well worth securing; and at any



FIG. 3.—"THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK": AN ETCHING BY ANTHONIE WATERLOO.

Photographs by Courtesy of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co.

time another turn of Fortune's wheel may bring them again to the attention of the market. The etchings of Roelant Roghmans, very much in the style of Waterloo, rise occasionally to a considerable

standard of merit in the treatment of landscape. He was sometimes assisted by his daughter Gertruid, who may perhaps claim the honour of having been the first woman etcher.

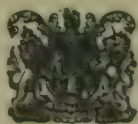


FIG. 2. ONE OF THE FEW DUTCH ETCHINGS OF SEA SUBJECTS: AN EXAMPLE FROM "A MARINE SERIES" BY REYNIER NOODS, CALLED ZEEMAN.

Allaert van Everdingen of Alkmaar, the illustrator of "Reynard the Fox," produced, between 1645 and 1654, 167 etchings, with a greater variety of subject and a more open and sometimes almost modern treatment of line. These subjects are often of hilly and rocky landscapes, derived from Norway and the Tyrol, mostly small in size but competently etched. At his best, Everdingen is one of the foremost of this group. His work is real etching, the translation of a subject into the conventions exclusively proper to the etched line, and in no way imitative of any other medium. With him should especially be grouped Herman Saffleven of Rotterdam, who devoted himself mainly to Rhineland scenery. Jan and Esaias van de Velde worked in a precise and unpretentious style, and the five or six etchings by the painter Jan van Goyen, who was at one time a pupil of Esaias van de Velde, should also find a place in a collection illustrating the history of etching.

It is somewhat remarkable, considering its history, and also the work of some of its best painters, that Holland produced so few etchers of marine subjects. The only one of importance contemporary with those already referred to was Reynier Noods of Amsterdam, commonly known as Zeeman. His etchings of sea and sea-shore subjects are often of considerable importance, and it is possible to select from them, when in fine state, prints which will hold their own with a good deal of modern work. In addition to the sea-pieces, which were particularly admired by Méryon, he did a number of plates of buildings, finely drawn with a direct simplicity that is, at times, not unworthy of Hollar and Canaletto. The "Porte St. Bernard, Paris," for instance, is a brilliant effort, which may well have exerted a considerable influence on Méryon himself. The example now reproduced (Fig. 2) is from the "Suite de Marines," and is a good specimen of this class of his work.

In these notes, an attempt has been made to suggest a field for the collector—if that particular type still exists—whose interest may lie in tracing the development of a peculiarly fascinating art, one that has within the last few decades gained a most creditable popularity. When I first began to write about etching—for a quarterly publication called "English Etchings," and produced, out of love for the art, as a private venture by the late W. H. May—there was little real interest in the subject on the part of the public. The old-fashioned collectors were dead or dormant; Hamerton was doing his best in the way of propaganda; Seymour Haden was fully recognised by those who knew, and was untiring in his efforts to gain a footing for the neglected art, and Whistler was looked upon askance by the respectable. Things are now very different, and one feels a call to say a word for some of the old pioneers, to hint that they should not be too harshly judged in the light of modern progress. For, after all, their influence was alive and enduring in the period when the art was making its way once more to a position of honour; and more than traces of it may be found, for instance, in the work of the Norwich School, and other not quite forgotten British masters.



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The very curious Portrait, of which an Engraving is annexed, was certainly done soon after the Introduction of Painting in Oil into this Kingdom. The Invention is ascribed to JOHN ABNEYCK, in 1400; but Mr. WALPOLE supposes, in his 'Anecdotes of Painting,' Vol. I., p. 45, that the Art has been practised in England prior to that Era, and probably this Picture would strongly confirm his Opinion. The Event which conferred such signal Honour on this Family happened in 1346, and it has been a received Tradition, that this Picture is nearly of equal Antiquity. Sir RICHARD personally rescued the Black Prince from the most imminent Danger on that Day of Triumph, and was afterwards in high Esteem of the King, having been appointed Custos, or Sheriff, of the County of Hereford, from the Year 1362 to 1372, an Instance of unusual Confidence. FULLER'S Worthies, page 43. In RYMER'S Fœdera, Vol. VII. p. 348 (1382, 5 RICH. II). Dedimus & concessimus præfato SIMONI BURLEY, Banneretto, Castrum de Emlyne Ukendlei, co. Karmaerdynne, quod RICHARDUS DE LA BERE, Chivaler, nuper defunctus tenuit pro Termino vitæ suæ. This ascertains the Time of his Death; and we collect from LELAND, Itin. Vol. IV. p. 175, that he was buried in the Church of Black Friars, in the City of Hereford, founded by EDW. III."

History of the County of Gloucester, Vol. I. page 312.

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Mr. Fairhurst, in the *Chess Amateur*, laments the comparative failure in recent years of Akiba Rubinstein, regarded by many, including ourselves, as one of the most subtle and original players of this generation. Occasionally we get a glimpse of the old artistry, and the following game, with its delicate poisoning of force and accurate timing, will delight all lovers of logic and rhythm in chess. Each move fits in like the levers in the lock of a bank safe, and an adequate annotation would fill a page. Those readers who like to follow every stroke of the artist's brush are referred to Mr. Fairhurst's able analysis, upon which these notes are, in the main, founded.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Rubinstein.)	BLACK (Nimzowitch.)	WHITE (Rubinstein.)	BLACK (Nimzowitch.)
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	25. P×P	RR2
2. P-QB4	PK3	RR7 being useless because of	
3. Kt-QB3	BKt5	BKt1, he wishes to double his	
4. QB2	PQ3	Rooks on one of the open files.	
It is against the weakness of this square that Rubinstein's strategic plan is directed.			
5. PK3	PB4	26. Q-Rt	R×R
6. BQ3	KtB3	27. R×R	KtB1
7. KtK2	PK1	28. B×Kt	
8. PQ5	B×Ktch	Luring the Q into a net.	
Black, noting White's seventh move, possibly hoped for 9. Kt×Kt, when KtQKt5 would destroy the spear-head levelled at h7.			
9. Q×B	KtK2	29. KtK4	Q×B
10. QB2	Castles	30. PB5	RR6
11. Castles	KtKt3	31. RQKt1	RR3
12. KtKt3	RR1	Against PB6 and Kt×QP.	
13. PB3	BQ2	32. PKt4	PB3
14. BQ2	PQR3	33. KKt3	BB1
15. PKt3		The Kt standing "pat," Black tries to clear the way for KtQ2 and K4, but must first move the B again, as White's next move threatens 35. Kt×QP, R×Kt, 36. RK8ch.	
To free his weak KP from a possible pin, and to provide a point d'appui on the K side.			
16. PKt3	PKt4	34. RKt	BKt2
17. KR2	QKt3	35. QK2	KtQ2
18. QRRt	PQR4	36. Kt×QP!!	
Refer, as no doubt Nimzowitch did, to move 4.			
This move, threatening PQR4, upsets the whole of Black's plans, forcing him to block his own Q side attack, and leave the important diagonals open to the enemy.			
19. PKt5		37. QK8ch	R×Kt
20. P×P	P×P	38. RK7	KtB1
Against 21. B×Kt and 22. PB5.			
21. BB1	QKt	Glance at the general position, the phalanx driving through. Mate in two is threatened.	
22. QB2		39. QK7ch	PKt3
Not BKt2 at once because of 22. — KtKt5ch! 23. P×Kt, QK5ch, 24. KKt1, Q×Kt.			
23. BKt2	PK5	40. RK8	RR1
24. QRRt	KtKt3	41. Q×Btch	KKt1
	P×P	42. QK6ch	KKt2
		43. PB6ch	Resigns.
The student will find it worth while to play the game through again, as, with the final catastrophe in mind, the minutiae of the method will be more apparent.			

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RUDOLF L'HERMET (Schönebeck).—Thank you for the problems. We will inquire if the three-er is unique.

VICTOR RUSH (York).—Unfortunately, your letter did not come to hand till you had left London.

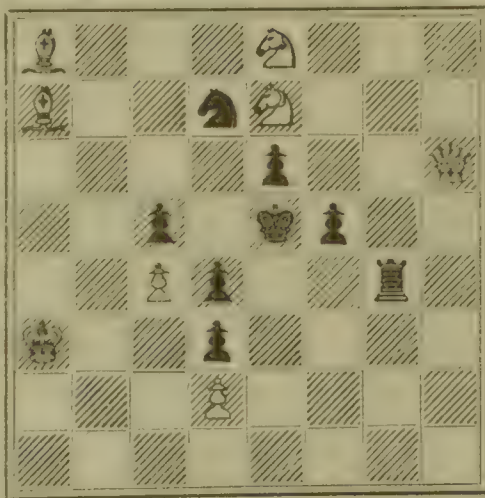
R B COOKE (Portland, Me.).—Thank you for two-er, which, if sound, we shall hope to use later on.

E PINKNEY (Driffeld), and OTHERS.—The position in Ace No. IV. is quite correct. If BQ3, KtKt6, and where is the mate?

K D W BOISSEvain (Geneva).—You are quite right in pointing out in G.P. XIII. that KtK4 is a better move than Q×B, but it was postulated that Black innocently made the capture, and the problem starts after that move.

PROBLEM No. 4042.—By T. C. EVANS (Clapham).

BLACK (8 pieces).



WHITE (8 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: B3S3; B2S3; 4p2Q; 2prkp2; 2Pp2r1; K2p4; 3P4; 8.]

White to play, and mates in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF ALL THE "FIVE ACES" received from E Bagge-Petersen (Helsingfors), E S (Cramond), and J M K Lupton (Richmond); of 1, 3, 4, and 5 from J Barry Brown (Naas); of Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 5 from John Hannan (Newburgh); and of Nos. 1 and 2 from Arthur White (Wycombe).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4037 received from J H E Jarvis (Pukehow, N.Z.); of Problem No. 4040 from R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), F N (Vigo), E Bagge-Petersen (Helsingfors), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), and J W Smedley (Brooklyn); of Problem No. 4041 from L W Cafierata (Newark), P J Wood (Wakefield), A Edmeston (Llandudno), E Pinkney (Driffeld), J M K Lupton (Richmond), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), J Barry Brown (Naas); of Game

Problem XV. from E Bagge-Petersen (Helsingfors), and Victor Holtan (Oslo); of Game Problem XVI. from C E Dunton (Mill Hill), P Cooper (Clapham), M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), L W Cafierata (Newark), R S (Melrose), J Barry Brown (Naas), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), F N (Vigo), Senex (Darwen), and F N Braund (Ware).

JUDITH LEYSTER AS PAINTER OF "REMBRANDTS" AND OTHER DUTCH MASTERPIECES.

(Continued from Page 152.)

marks which I have, for the moment, termed 'crypto-signatures' of Judith Leyster. In the majority of instances, the Leyster signatures that are still to be seen (a capital 'L' or an 'L' with a star) have remained visible because the artist placed them in such positions—even on the faces of sitters—that any subsequent retouching would have meant obvious defacement of the works.

Such a crypto-signature may be noticed, for instance, in the so-called Rembrandt 'Landscape with Ruins,' in the Cassel Gallery. The angler (in the centre foreground) has two fishing-rods! At the end of the one that is further away there was originally an 'L' with a star. That this might be obliterated, the nearer fishing-rod was added later, and the swans were moved more towards the foreground.

In the so-called Rembrandt 'Portrait of Rembrandt' at the Cassel Gallery, the letters 'dt' of the name 'Rembrandt' cover the initials 'JL.' Indeed, the beginning of the 'J' is traceable (see illustration A). 'Jacob's Blessing' (Cassel Gallery) also shows marks and retouching where there must have been a Leyster signature; namely, between the faces of Joseph and his wife. And I would repeat that kindred crypto-signatures can be found in numerous other works attributed to Rembrandt. The same kind of examination has caused me to attribute certain so-called works by Frans Hals—for instance, 'The Jolly Topper,' in the Cassel Gallery—to Judith Leyster.

I must emphasise, however, as I have repeatedly done, that the results of my investigations up to date, as here given, must not be taken as apocryphic; but they are intended to encourage further investigations, preferably with the aid of the X-rays, as described a little while ago in *The Illustrated London News*. Further, I should like to repeat that Judith Leyster must no longer be regarded as a mere 'faker' and imitator, but as an outstanding artist. We know so little about her work only because very few documents about her are in existence. There will, of course, be difficulties in approaching the subject, for Rembrandt has so great a name in art that even the most learned can hardly be expected to deal with the question with minds entirely unbiassed. I trust, however, that there will be further investigations, and I can only pray that they will be as unprejudiced as possible."

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"HE WALKED IN HER SLEEP," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

MR. JOHN DEVERELL is so engaging a comedian, his manner is so easy, his air of bewilderment or intentness amid absurd situations is so spontaneous-seeming, that he can lend a touch of freshness to the most hackneyed devices of farce. There is nothing novel or unusually ingenious in Norman Cannon's "He Walked in Her Sleep"; its bids for fun are all of stock type; but there is this much to be said for it, that it provides Mr. Deverell with a "fat" part, and the Vaudeville first-night audience was obviously of opinion that that was enough. No doubt it is. Mr. Deverell figures here as a jealous husband who plays pranks on his wife to discover whether there is any foundation for his suspicions. We see him at one time in his night-shirt locked out of his own home; we also watch him trying to slip into his trousers back to front; at

another moment he is stowed away in a huge jar from which he creeps out to forage for food. Stale enough tricks, you might think; but the actor puts humour into them. Meantime, the man the husband suspects—really an unwelcome suitor of his daughter—has similarly stereotyped adventures: when he enters the wrong bedroom and is thrown out of the window on glass; when, later on, he wears plaster on his face and gives evidence of sore limbs, Mr. Brian Gilmour easily secures laughter for his predicaments. And in between whiles there is Anne's real lover, roaming about in the masquerade of a butler and showing the amateur's nervousness with trays and glasses. His, too, is a familiar rôle, but Mr. Douglas Burbidge plays it pleasantly, just as Miss Betty Stockfeld is pleasant as his sweetheart. But imagine an Eva Moore in this galley! There is no scope at all, of course, for the more delicate side of her art, but she holds her own, even by the side of Mr. Deverell.



MOONLIGHT ON THE RIVER AMAZON: A PICTURESQUE VIEW FROM THE DECK OF THE BOOTH LINER, S.S. "HILDEBRAND."

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In view of the growing popularity of South Africa, both as a holiday resort and a goal of migration, there should be a greater demand than ever for the 1929 edition of "The South and East African Year Book and Guide," with Atlas and Diagrams. Edited by A. Samler Brown and G. Gordon Brown (Sampson Low; 2s. 6d.; by post, 3s.). This excellent work of reference, now in its thirty-fifth issue, is published for the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company. It is divided into three sections, dealing respectively with (1) South Africa; (2) East Africa; and (3) Sport and Research. Within its covers will be found an abundance of information useful to business men; immigrants, settlers, farmers and planters, miners and prospectors, sportsmen, naturalists, and archaeologists; tourists travelling for recreation, or invalids in search of health. The new edition has been thoroughly revised. With its 64 pages of maps in colour, it forms the finest available atlas of the country, while the index, containing 2000 place-names, is an invaluable gazetteer for office use.



THE CHARM OF THE SEASCAPE AND THE OLD-TIME CLIPPER: "HOMEWARD BOUND—THE 'RED JACKET'" BY MONTAGUE DAWSON—REPRODUCED FROM A DELIGHTFUL FACSIMILE IN COLOUR.

The above illustration represents one of a series of beautiful facsimile reproductions in colour of the well-known sea pictures by Montague Dawson, which are exceedingly popular in view of the prevailing vogue for all that appertains to the golden age of sail. These facsimiles are published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd., of 26c, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1, and 10, Clare Street, Bristol. The above picture, which is a companion to "A Southerly Wind," by the same artist, measures 16.7-8 by 25.3-8 in. Signed artist's proofs (in a limited edition) are sold at £4 4s. each, and prints at £1 11s. 6d.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

EVERYDAY WORRIES: INTERESTING CURES FOR TWO OF THE WORST.

WE all have our special worries in life, and on the motoring side of it they are no less pronounced or unaccountable than elsewhere. There are people we all know who consider that they have a really serious grievance against motor-makers in general if their engines will not start up by hand on the coldest mornings (with condensation a marked feature of conditions in the combustion-chamber) after a couple of preliminary swings. There are others who object violently to having to double-declutch in order to achieve a decent-sounding gear-change. Yet others there are who must have their steering-action exactly as they think it should be—all other kinds being worse than the worst.

Catalogue Promises. Naturally, we all really agree with them. We all want things to work as they are said to work in the catalogues, and I sincerely hope we shall always express ourselves freely on the subject. We shall never get what we want unless we ask for it, not only loudly, but unceasingly. I could quote a number of admirable examples of the success of this golden rule within the past few years. For myself I am among the first to complain of everything which falls short of, I won't say perfection (because that would be very dull), but of decent efficiency, and I have just as many grumbles as most people, and every now and then something or other crops up, a failure of this or that—trivial, if you like, in its relation to motoring as a whole, but just as irritating, at the moment, as things of real importance. If you have a motor-car of which you are really proud, and sneering friends can find even the slightest grounds for criticism, you see red. Is it not the fact?

Floor-Board Vibration. I see red over a quantity of things, and my latest grounds for this popular manifestation are indifferent driving light and vibration too generously communicated to the floor-boards. The latter, I should remark, is not a personal complaint, as I made it my particular business, some twelve months ago, to find and acquire an engine which does not vibrate at any speed, and is therefore incapable of suggesting such misbehaviour to any other part of the chassis

or body. I am not in the least concerned about that particular nerve-wrecking phenomenon, so far as I am affected, but, after driving half-a-dozen friends' cars which, to my way of thinking, vibrated horribly, I see red on their account.

The Sorbo Mat. I have found what seems to me to be practically a cure for this. I do not mean that the vibration itself is lessened, but that its effects become almost imperceptible. I was asked to try the effect of fitting a Sorbo sponge-rubber mat to the floor-boards of any car I chose, and to give my candid opinion of it as a vibration damper. I did so, with a car in which, as a passenger beside the driver, even more than as driver myself, I had always been conscious of more than the usual degree of floor-board tremor, and the results have really exceeded my expectations by a very long way. It is scarcely too much to say that this mat has transformed the car. At any speed over 25 miles an hour the vibration under one's feet was noticeable enough to be really disagreeable, increasing proportionately with the speed of the engine. With the Sorbo mat I found it very difficult to distinguish the slightest sign of tremor—and I know this particular car very well.

An Efficient Corrective. When I drove, I found that it was only on the steering-wheel that any trace was left of the vibration which is the chief fault in this car. There it was, naturally, as bad as ever; but elsewhere the driving and riding comfort of the car had been increased to an extent honestly difficult to believe. It has been as if a new and particularly smooth-running engine had taken the place of the old one. I could scarcely have hit upon a more searching test than this, and I look upon the Sorbo matting as one of the most useful adjuncts to a car ever made. To anyone who, like myself, detests vibration, and its effects on one's peace of mind, I recommend this material. It is made by Sorbo Rubber Sponge Works, Woking.

My Electrical Ill-Luck. I do not know why, but I am and always have been cursed with ill-luck over anything to do with electrical outfits, from magnetos to dynamos, from batteries to lamps. For years other people, with identical equipments, have gone about their motoring lives as if electricity had never been

invented, while I, alone in a world of care-free and therefore incredibly careless fellow-motorists, have suffered every known and unknown trouble, and I suppose, being marked, shall so continue to suffer them. I have learnt, by very bitter teaching, to endure a good many of them in official silence, because there seems to be no help for it (for instance, why must my accumulators invariably go dead in a week, if the car is not used—and nobody else's?); but there is one which I will not bear, and that is anæmic headlights.

The "Six Telegraph Posts." Other people, for years past, have talked patronisingly to me of the Six Telegraph Posts they can see at once by the miraculous beams of their quite ordinary headlamps; while I have listened in sulky silence because my own pair would not show me the road more than two or three telegraph posts ahead. I have cursed the lamps and their makers, and tried every available remedy, with equal and equally negative results. If I did manage to raise the number of my telegraph posts to four, or even five (this very rarely), I had to pay for it in poor driving light between the first and second posts. And I really do not know which is the more deadly, bad searchlight or bad driving light.

The "Daylight Bulb." In the Ediswan daylight bulb, a pair of which have been sent to me for trial by the makers, I have found a good deal of relief. It is an ordinary-looking bulb, tinted a light blue, of the shade used, I believe, in shops to produce artificial daylight. The effect in my own headlights is excellent. I have not counted any telegraph-posts, because the general driving-light is so good that I am not interested in the exact distance I can see by it. It is enough for me that I can drive fast with safety, that there are no black patches, and that the light is evenly distributed from hedge to hedge. I have experimented with a daylight bulb in the near lamp and an ordinary gas-filled bulb in the other, and the effect was very odd. The blue bulb threw a very long, wide beam of a peculiarly white colour, beside which the shorter, less diffused beam of the normal bulb appeared to be yellow—and weak. The dazzle of both seemed to be about the same. It seemed to me that the blue light had definite advantages over the yellow, being more penetrating and also better distributed.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.



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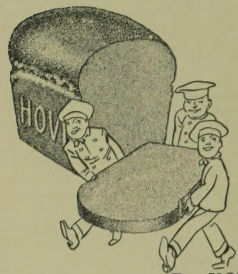
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For Homes of To-day

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THE ART OF DINING:

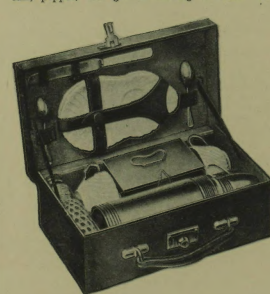
By JESSIE

ONLY when we walk abroad with an observing eye do we realise that in February, which will be with us in a few days, the markets are gradually changing in character. In the Sunny South February is regarded as the month when everything springlike is coming into season, and so many of the early-grown delicacies find their way to the London market that this time of year begins to be one of bountiful supplies.

English game, it is true, is going out of season, but a number of small birds, including Bordeaux pigeons, are at our disposal, and the sea affords compensation for any discrepancies in the game course, sending us a goodly choice of fish at its best. But, while welcoming early spring supplies, the observant housekeeper will take every advantage of the winter supplies that still remain, although using them in a different manner. She will not, for instance, be led to buy Brussels sprouts at any price demanded by the calling tradesman's boy, because she knows that this vegetable is no longer at its best for boiling, though now—at less cost than formerly—it makes excellent soup, as it is used in the following menu—

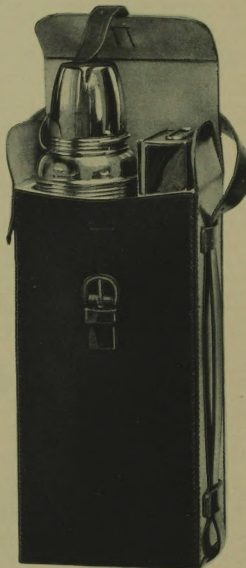
Purée of Brussels Sprouts.
Turbot
(with Mushrooms).
Veal Cutlets.
Chestnut Purée.
Pancakes.
Devilled Biscuits.

We English, it is true, are not a soup-loving nation, but this course would meet with a warmer welcome if English cooks served it in greater variety. The following way of using sprouts at this season, for instance, is far better than wearying the family by endeavouring to make the plainly boiled vegetable attractive when it is past its best. Take a pound of sprouts, two shallots, one-and-a-half pints of white stock, one gill of milk, one tablespoonful of patent barley, salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg to taste. After washing the sprouts, put them into a saucepan with the boiling stock, the shallots, and a little salt, and cook gently until tender. Then rub the mixture through a sieve, and return the puree that results to the saucepan. When it is again at boiling point, add the barley—mixed smoothly with the milk—and season to taste. Cook for another five or six minutes and serve very hot, with *croûtons* of fried bread.



IN BEST QUALITY HIDE, THIS TEA CASE—A NEW DEBENHAM MODEL—HAS EVERYTHING REQUIRED FOR COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE WHEN TRAVELLING.

with half-a-pint of light white wine and a few spoonfuls of fish liquor. Mince a little shallot, and after tossing it in hot butter until it is lightly browned spread it over the fish and cover with peeled and sliced



WHEN PLANNING REFRESHMENTS FOR THE MOTOR TRIP OR RAILWAY JOURNEY, THE CLAIMS OF THIS COMBINED SANDWICH CASE AND THERMOS—A NEW DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY MODEL—WILL APPEAL.

A FEBRUARY MENU.

J. WILLIAMS.

mushrooms. Sprinkle with fine bread-crumbs and put some bits of butter on top. Bake in a moderate oven, and send to table in the dish in which it has been cooked.

The puffed potatoes to be served with the veal cutlets are prepared by cutting raw peeled potatoes in slices of about one-sixth of an inch. Dry them before the fire or in the oven. Have the fat in the pan boiling. That point is reached with fat when there is no movement of the fat, and when a faint blue smoke is noticed on top. Drop in the potatoes and fry them for about five or six minutes, take them out with a skimmer, and put them on paper to drain. Meanwhile, bring the fat up to boiling point again. Return the potatoes to the fat and this time fry them for three or four minutes; drain them on paper, sprinkle with salt, and serve. It is the second frying that causes the potatoes to puff out as if they were hollow.

We all eat pancakes on Pancake Day, and, if we are wise, on many other occasions, for the "cakes of Pan" may be prepared in endless and enjoyable variety. None more delicious were ever served than those once prepared by an Irish housekeeper in the West of Ireland. Here are the ingredients she used: Six tablespoonfuls of flour, two eggs, four ounces of sugar, a dust of grated nutmeg, three-quarters of a cupful of milk, a quarter of a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and half a wineglassful of whisky. After sieving the flour, she blended it smoothly with a little water. Then she added the rest of the ingredients except the baking powder, which she put in at the last moment. Beating the batter well, she then put it aside for an hour, when again it received another beating. Then the baking powder was added, and the pancakes fried in the usual way.



BRIGHTNESS AND GAIETY CHASE AWAY THE CLASSIC GLOOM OF THE OLD CONVENTIONAL DINING-ROOM, WHEN SUCH A CHARMING USE OF GAS AS THAT SEEN ABOVE IS MADE.

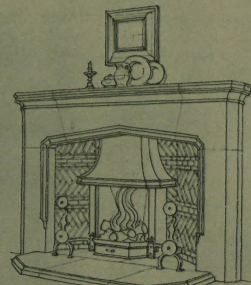
Refreshments for those who are travelling occupy the thoughts of many housekeepers, for the number of happy possessors of something of their own on wheels is quickly multiplying; and while there is no need to pack up too heavily, something substantial in the way of sandwiches will be needed to fit into a convenient receptacle, such as the new combined sandwich-case and Thermos, recently brought out by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, and obtainable at their department devoted to travellers' needs at 70 and 71, Welbeck Street, W.

Nothing is more tasty for substantial sandwich-making than liver, if combined with bacon in the following manner. The liver must not be hardened by over-cooking, and the slices of bacon must be fat and not too crisply cooked. Mash the liver and season it, and with it mix a little warmed butter. Spread this on slices of neatly cut Hovis, and between two slices put the cooked bacon and some crisp lettuce-leaves or watercress.

A word about the dining-room, which has changed wonderfully in aspect of recent years, being a much brighter apartment than in Victorian times. Even then many began to rebel against the conventional dining-room. Napoleon III. detested eating solemnly and classically in a room gloomy as a mortuary chamber, and the Empress Eugénie had her meals served wherever she happened to want them—on the verandah or terrace preferably. Much of the present cheerfulness of our dining-rooms is due to modern schemes of lighting, thought out by the Gas Light and Coke Company. Who could, for instance, be gloomy in the dining-room shown in our illustration, with its charming gas-pendant arranged over the table, on which it throws a bright yet becomingly subdued light?

To return for one moment to convenient travel appointments, the firm already referred to have several new models in refreshment cases which will appeal to all travellers.

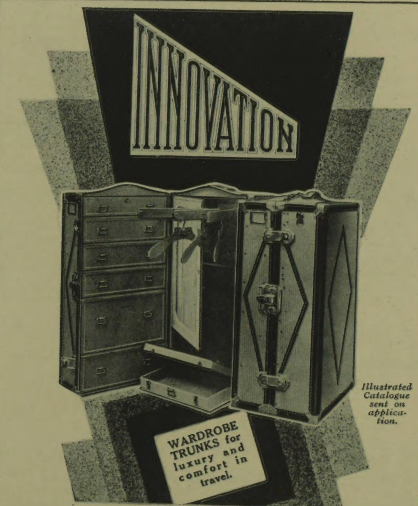
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XVI.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON.

INTERNAL FITTINGS.

THE inside of a tramcar depresses me; so when a friend remarked how closely the interior of the average motor-cruiser resembled one, I knew at once what is wrong. Boat after boat is built with the same uniform arrangement of furniture—that is, a settee on each side of the saloon with lockers underneath, and a table near the centre, and so on. I plead guilty to these errors even recently, but they must cease in order to satisfy modern ideas of comfort and keep abreast of developments in America.

If the boatbuilder cannot evolve new internal fitting schemes, the house decorator must be called in, as in the case of the large liners and yachts. In September there will be a motor-boat show in London, and if such firms as Harrods, Hamptons, or Trollope for example, would show their skill inside a thirty or forty foot cruiser, I feel sure both they and the public would be the gainers. An individual boat may be a small contract for them, but the numbers would make up for it. Even standard boats could be improved along these lines without extra cost—or, better still, builders might supply bare hulls and engines, to be finished to owners' requirements. White enamel is essential overhead or in a bath-room, but not everlastingly on the walls of cabins and saloons. The same remark applies to solid mahogany panelling, which is far more expensive and splits more easily than plywood, with which greater variations in design are possible and at a lower cost.

It is unfortunate that there is no experienced

yachtswoman to turn to professionally on this subject, for it is essentially a matter for women, and in their absence I spend long periods, as a mere man, searching for ideas to beautify "floating homes." As a music-lover who likes the piano as a change from wireless or the gramophone, I find that Messrs. Cramer are the only makers who build an instrument small enough for a medium-sized cruiser. Their piano has five octaves, is 2 ft. 3 in. high, 1 ft. 9 in. deep, 3 ft. 6 in. wide, and weighs only 163 lb. It is small, but built the same as a full-sized instrument, and, in view of its

a long-distance set of both sorts of the short-wave type. I have found no suitable standard set of this description on the market, but the Rothermel Corporation, of Maddox Street, have promised me that they will produce a special model for motor-cruisers. If it proves as good as the moving coil loud-speaker which they sell, it should be very good indeed.

Bath-rooms should be as close as possible to the cooking galley, on account of the hot-water problem. There is no reason why both salt and fresh hot baths

should not be possible if large fresh-water tanks and a good geyser are fitted. Most geysers are heated by a primus stove, but I favour dissolved acetylene as a cleaner alternative, and also for cooking. It is true that it necessitates large storage cylinders, but, as ballast is imperative in any case and the cylinders heavy, they can take its place and do double duty. Many refrain from the use of dissolved acetylene for fear of the difficulty of obtaining refilled cylinders, but "good service" is now available; added to which, if large cylinders are carried as ballast, a supply of gas for very long periods is available with less risk of fire than when paraffin is used.

Some owners have very decided views on fire-fighting appliances, but many content themselves with a few hand-extinguishers, which are often left to look after themselves for months on end, with the consequent danger of failure when wanted.

Modern practice is to fit a system, which I find very efficient indeed, employing Alflite carbon dioxide gas, which is controlled from a central position. I hope in the near future to publish a picture of a vessel so fitted, together with its method of operation. It forms an additional insurance premium, and is suitable both for very large yachts and small motor-cruisers.



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having successfully withstood the Antarctic voyage of the *Discovery*, it may be considered robust. It would be an asset to any motor-cruiser, and will fit under the saloon table.

I suppose few cruisers are without wireless receiving sets, but not many have transmitting sets. If extended European cruising is indulged in, I favour

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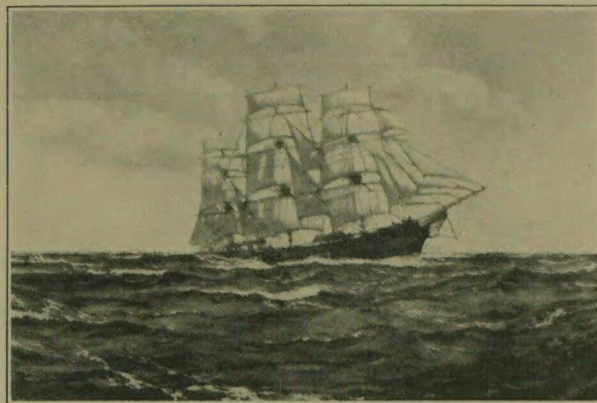
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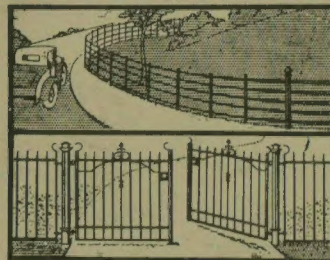
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